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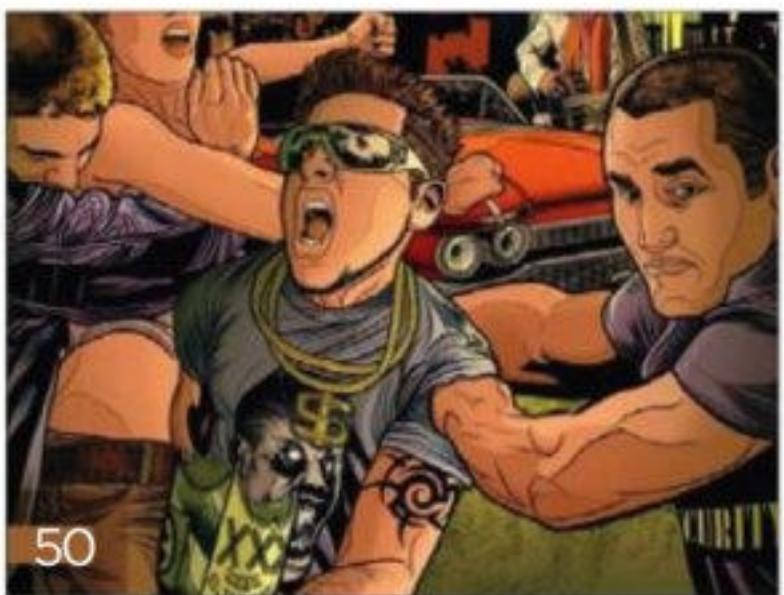
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## Dirty Dreams

I have a confession: I just had the filthiest dream about my new boss. Kyle totally dominated me. Whenever he wanted me to do something, he'd wind my hair over his hand and pull my head back. Then he'd lean over and whisper softly in my ear. It wasn't what he said that got me going—it was his soft voice. Everything else he did was kind of rough.

I wasn't allowed to move unless he told me to. We were on our knees, facing each other, but my hands were bound in front of me. Kyle held my arms above my head and ran his free hand over my nipple before giving it a pinch. He leaned forward and whispered, "I want you to lie down. Keep your ass in the air." Then he tugged my ear between his teeth as I lowered my face to the bed. I lay there, completely helpless. What a thrill.

Kyle's mouth seemed to be everywhere as he slid his hands over my hips and ass. I trembled with anticipation, knowing what was coming next. He gave both cheeks a good pinch and a quick slap, and that simple act had my juices running down the insides of my thighs. Taking advantage of my wetness, he slid his cock back and forth along my folds till it was nice and slick.

With one arm under me, he lifted me up and placed my hands on the headboard. I quivered with barely restrained lust as he eased his way into my virgin ass. I gasped at the feel of him stretching and widening that tight channel. I'd never let any of my

**I quivered with barely restrained lust as he eased into my virgin ass. I'd never let any of my lovers breach that gateway.**

lovers breach that gateway. After two short pumps, he pushed all the way in, filling me up.

I took advantage of the momentary lull in movement to adjust to the feeling, which was actually quite incredible. When Kyle started moving, I was ready. Knowing he was having his way with me had me hot and primed for a good, hard fucking. I started to push back against his thrusts to feel him even deeper, but Kyle hadn't given me permission and he stopped moving.

"I didn't say you could move, Cece," Kyle said. I gripped the headboard and froze, holding my breath until those wonderful strokes resumed. Ripples of pleasure soared through my body as he pumped in and out of my backdoor, bringing me close to the edge, but keeping me just this side of orgasm. My clit was throbbing, begging for attention. I knew that if I could just rub it, I'd explode. One thing I am not is shy during sex, but there was something about Kyle that made me want to submit to him.

Then, to my relief, he said, "Don't be shy about fingering yourself, Cece."

That was all I needed to hear. I slid my fingers into my pussy to wet them.

"I know you want to come, Cece," he said. "Go ahead and rub your clit for me and fuck your ass on my cock."

I started bouncing my ass back against his thrusts as I curled my fingers against my sweet spot. I felt Kyle start to come as I pressed my thumb against my button. I went off like a rocket, crying out my release in one long moan.

When I awoke drenched in sweat to the sound of the buzzing alarm, I reached over to slap the clock's off button. As I lay there I realized I'd had yet another sex-filled dream about Kyle, and that I'd have to do something about it soon. I thought about it some more and decided that it made sense. I'd been fucking him in my dreams for the past two weeks. Why shouldn't I fuck him for real? If everything works out the way I hope it will, I'll definitely let you know. Stay tuned.—C.C., via email

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I'd just moved into a studio apartment after breaking up with my girlfriend. I didn't own much, but I did have to make several trips back and forth to my car, and up and down the two flights to my new digs. Along the way I noticed several gorgeous women who seemed pretty friendly. One even offered to help me carry my stuff upstairs, but as luck would have it, it was my last box. That didn't stop her from inviting me over for dinner.

"You shouldn't have to worry about cooking when you have to unpack," Ava said over her shoulder as she walked down the hall. "My roommate and I would love to have you."

No doubt, I thought as I watched her luscious hips sway before she entered the apartment at the end of the hall. I wondered what exactly would be on the menu as I pulled a T-shirt, a clean pair of jeans, and my shaving kit from my duffle. While I showered, I hoped Ava's roommate was as hot as she was.

After picking up a couple of bottles of wine and two six-packs, I jogged back up the two flights and knocked on my new neighbors' door. I could hear music playing while I waited for someone to let me in.

As flirty as Ava had been, I was still surprised when she opened the door buck-naked and invited me in. When she introduced me to Stacy, my brain stalled. Like Ava, Stacy was beautiful—and she didn't have a stitch of clothing on either.

Ava closed the door and they both thanked me for bringing the beer and wine. I placed my bag on the kitchen counter and noticed a large pot simmering on the stove. Whatever it was smelled great.

"Dinner's not quite ready," Stacy said, "but we can use the next hour or so to get better acquainted." I could hardly wait.

Ava and Stacy led me to the only bedroom in the small apartment, and while Stacy unzipped my jeans and freed my hard-on, Ava pulled off my shirt. After pressing her awesome tits against my chest, and kissing me like she hadn't seen me in months, Ava backed me up against the bed till I bounced down on my ass. She climbed up next to me and firmly held my dick before lapping up the pre-come that trickled from the tip.



Meanwhile, Stacy finished pulling off my jeans and knelt on my opposite side. Then the girls began taking turns, kissing and licking my dick. They stopped just long enough to spread my legs wider so they could each straddle one and rub their wet twats back and forth.

I used my arms to prop myself up so I could watch them work. I was amazed by their skill and how smoothly they coordinated their movements. I'd had good head before, but never like this. Every now and then, they'd pause to kiss each other and suck each other's tits. I'd seen pornos that didn't come close to being this erotic.

I watched them for as long as I could, but finally, I closed my eyes and fell back on the bed. Seeing them

like that was going to make me come, and I wanted to hold off as long as I could. I just lay there, content to let them suck the life out of me—until one mouth sucked on my tight balls and the other deep-throated me and I lost it.

The intensity of my orgasm was ridiculously violent. I came so hard, I thought I might have pulled a muscle. Even if I'd wanted to hold back, I couldn't have. I didn't know whether Ava or Stacy had gotten the mouthful of jizz, because when I opened my eyes they were snowballing my come. What a sight! Finally, Ava swallowed it as Stacy leaned down and kissed me, making sure that I tasted myself.

"Is this how you greet all your new neighbors?" I asked.

"Just the ones we invite over for dinner," Ava said.

We really did have a delicious dinner after that, and more getting-acquainted sex, too!—D.J., California

*More letters on page 135*

**Every now and then, they'd pause to kiss and suck each other's tits. I'd seen pornos that didn't come close to being this erotic.**

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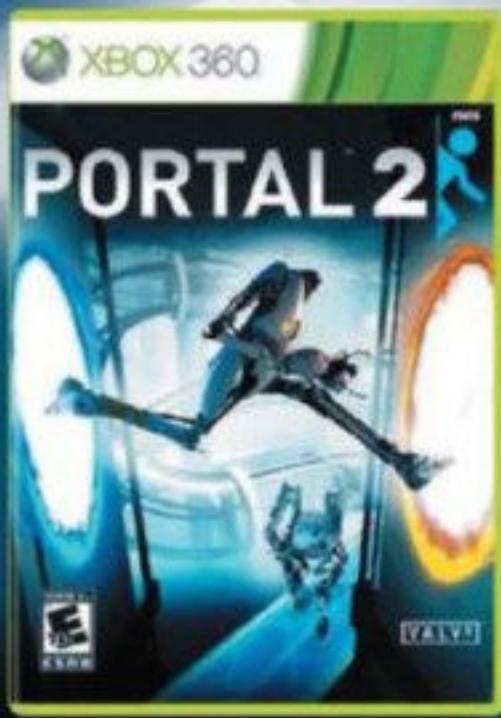
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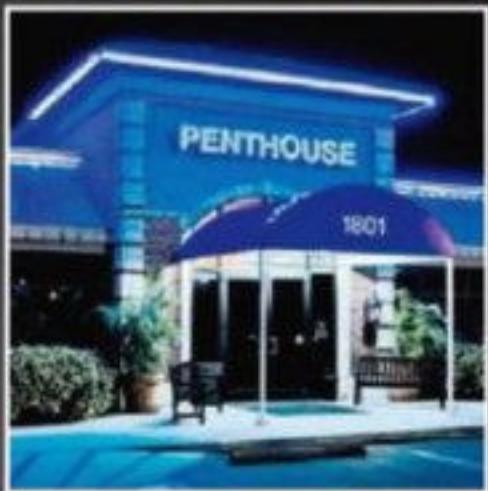
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REVEALING ENTERTAINMENT

# FullFrontal

CH 12



## READY FOR LAUNCH

On August 1, 1981, Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders, the Buggles' Trevor Horn and Geoff Downes, and Pat Benatar (from left) achieved liftoff on MTV, ushering in the landmark cable station's first hour, along with seven other acts—some famous, some ... not so famous. Thirty years later, we tracked down members of the inaugural video class to get their memories of the historic blastoff.

# REALITY KILLED THE VIDEO STAR.

BY BLAIR R. FISCHER

## As any averagely skilled trivia enthusiast

can tell you, the first music video to air on MTV was the Buggles' "Video Killed the Radio Star." To learn the identity of the videos and artists that immediately followed, though, you have to get on some Ken Jennings-style next-level shit. Indeed, as we found out, several of the artists involved in MTV's first hour can't even name their fellow members of the network's inaugural class, and one didn't even know until recently that his band was part of the hallowed group.

One reason for that is because MTV only existed in a handful of markets when it launched on August 1, 1981. Another is that the 24-hour music channel debuted shortly after midnight (EST) on that day—when the members of Great Britain's Buggles, for example, were sound asleep. But there were some big names in that first group, including—make a note for your next bar trivia contest—Ms. Pat Benatar, whose "You Better Run" was the second video aired. Unlike the Buggles, Benatar was watching.

The rest of the first ten looks like this: Rod Stewart's "She Won't Dance With Me," the Who's "You Better You Bet," Ph.D.'s "Little Suzi's on the Up," Cliff Richard's "We Don't Talk Anymore," the Pretenders' "Brass in Pocket," Todd Rundgren's "Time Heals," REO Speedwagon's "Take It on the Run," and Styx's "Rockin' the Paradise."

We know, we know: *Ph.D.? Cliff who?* To celebrate the 30th anniversary of the cable station—which was an all-music outlet until so-called reality shows like *The Real World* and *Jersey Shore* crowded out videos completely—we contacted some of the artists from MTV's first hour to get their memories about the dawn (and pre-dawn) of MTV.



### THE BUGGLES' GEOFF DOWNES

"We really didn't know much about MTV. To us, it was just another cable channel. By the time the [video aired], we'd already moved on to [the prog-rock band] Yes. In many ways, the Buggles was something that we didn't conceive to be a long-term thing; it was more like a stepping-stone. It's strange that we've actually done a few gigs as the Buggles over the past few years. It works pretty well live."

### PAT BENATAR

"I was just sitting in a hotel room in Oklahoma in awe. Not only were we on MTV, they were literally playing [us] round-the-clock. It was a phenomenon. 'You Better Run' is still fabulous to watch, because we were in a factory on the docks on the west side of New York. I remember the director brought over one of those giant fans and turned it on. My hair's blowing and he says, 'Okay, just go!' And I say, 'What? I don't go.' Then they shut the fan off."

**PH.D.'S JIM DIAMOND**

[Editor's note: Ph.D. was a British blue-eyed soul trio that had a Top 10 hit in the U.K. with "I Won't Let You Down." Their MTV video was for "Little Suzi's on the Up," a track that never charted. Ph.D. re-formed in 2006 and released a comeback album, *Three*, in 2009.] "We remember people saying, 'Oh, you were on MTV!' And we were like, 'Wow, what's MTV?' The video was terrible, probably the worst video ever made. We made the craziest thing we could think of, [not knowing] people would still be watching 30 years later. Maybe we'd have taken it a bit more seriously at the time, but we didn't. We didn't really want to be involved in [making videos], so we thought we'd make one so stupid that no one would ever watch it. But, unfortunately, everyone did."

[And of course, it lives on, on YouTube.]

**REO SPEEDWAGON'S KEVIN CRONIN**

"My first experience with MTV was about a year before [it] went on the air. I was in a meeting with five executives from Time Warner, in this fancy restaurant in Manhattan. They weren't very rock-looking at all. They were telling me the concept [of MTV]. They wanted to have lead singers in rock bands introducing the videos and would I be interested in doing something like that? I heard them out and everything, then went, 'Guys, I'm a lead singer in a rock band. I'm in a different city every day. There's no way I can be in New York introducing videos for four or five hours a day and still be in a band.' They all looked at each other like, 'Oh, my God, we hadn't considered that.'"

**STYX'S DENNIS DEYOUNG**

"I was not aware [that 'Rockin' the Paradise' was among the first videos on MTV]. I stumbled upon it when I was at the Museum of Television & Radio in New York City. I saw something that said 'MTV's First Hour.' The first time I heard anything about MTV was at the very end of '82. Tommy [Shaw] lived in Michigan and had a satellite. He said, 'There's a music channel where they play just videos of bands. Can you imagine?'"

**STYX'S TOMMY SHAW**

"Over the years my memory had changed it to 'Too Much Time on My Hands' [being] our first one on there. I'd told that story onstage before. Nothing messes up a good story like the facts."

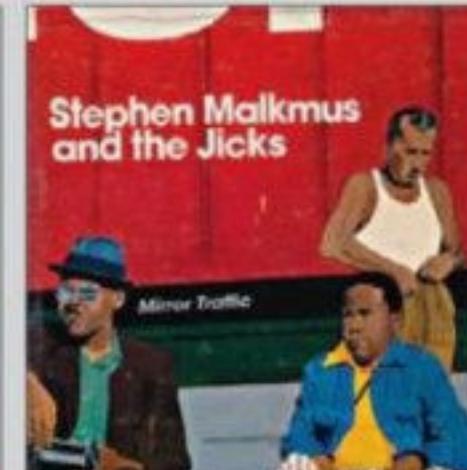
**PREVIEW****SAME AS HE EVER WAS**

Lenny Kravitz is back with an album that pushes no boundaries, breaks no ground—and is sure to please millions. In other words, classic Kravitz.

**REVIEWS**

**RIVAL SONS**  
*Pressure & Time*  
Earache  
★★★

Los Angeles has long been a petri dish for underground music. So it seems odd, yet ultimately fitting, that the once-fashionable, now nearly forgotten sound of classic rock 'n' roll should also rise from Sunset Boulevard. Rival Sons are a young band, but they sound old: Their debut is both muddy and feisty, like Lynyrd Skynyrd splashing around with Led Zeppelin long after the levee broke. Singer Jay Buchanan has a set of big-bottomed pipes that elevate familiar, bluesy stoms like "Young Love" from pastiche to pleasure—and, on "Burn Down Los Angeles," even start to sound a little bit punk.



**STEPHEN MALKMUS AND THE JICKS**  
*Mirror Traffic*  
Matador  
★★★★

Stephen Malkmus spent most of 2010 living in the past: The reunion of his nineties band, the slackery, almost-stars Pavement, sold out shows around the globe. And so the presence of fellow alt-rocker Beck Hansen behind the boards for this one suggests a continued wallowing in nostalgia. But we're happy to report the record presents no such thing. Instead, Beck coaxes the best songs Malkmus has managed in years, yielding a loose-limbed charmer of an album that ambles agreeably between zippy Pavement-influenced tracks ("Tigers," "Forever 28") and the endless boogie of the Jicks era.

**BY ANDY GREENWALD****LENNY KRAVITZ**

*Black and White America*  
Roadrunner/Atlantic

Now in his third decade of music-making, Lenny Kravitz possesses the kind of fame that keeps his formerly dreadlocked visage percolating in the national consciousness, even without the need for anything as perfunctory as, say, making music. Yet as his celebrity persists, his muse marches on—backward, as it turns out. His ninth studio album celebrates the sort of heavy funk that was last popular when the 47-year-old Kravitz was in second grade. While the autobiographical rubber-band snap of the title track strains credibility (Kravitz: "In 1963! My father married! A black woman!" Us: "Okay!"), the spacey sensuality of "Super Love" is effortlessly ingratiating, breaking no ground in a way that will please many crowds. In other words, vintage Lenny.



**FOUNTAINS OF WAYNE**  
*Sky Full of Holes*  
Yep Roc  
★★★

Fountains of Wayne, an iconic New Jersey store specializing in lawn ornaments, went out of business in 2009. But Fountains of Wayne, the iconic New York quartet specializing in power pop, are still plugging away. And how. Their new record is an immaculately crafted, hook-filled delight, spinning low-key tales of suburban hopes and fears, too-expensive trains, and too-short vacations. The strummy "Richie and Ruben" is an ode to overmatched bridge-and-tunnel schemers, while the delicate "Action Hero" is a sumptuous ballad about a would-be Superman stuck in a schlumpy Clark Kent persona. No "Stacy's Mom," but still a wonder.



## MONKEYING AROUND

*Rise of the Planet of the Apes* features James Franco as a scientist whose genetic manipulations accidentally create a race of superior simians.

### *Rise of the Planet of the Apes*

James Franco, Brian Cox, Tom Felton

The apes certainly look frightening in the trailers, and more facially expressive than we ever could have hoped. (Kudos to Weta Digital, the team behind *The Lord of the Rings*'s Gollum.) But it's the thoughtful, near-future plot that has us looking forward to this relaunch of the beloved franchise: A science-gone-awry drama that could explore deeper questions of ethics and species dominance. (Okay, fine: Rampaging simians are a huge part of the coolness.) The verdict is still out on whether goofball

Franco can be believable as a brilliant San Francisco scientist not trapped under a boulder. And we probably won't be seeing a from-beyond-the-grave Charlton Heston cameo in which he yells about how it's a madhouse and whatnot. But get your geek engines revving: Plans are afoot to accommodate the mythos of the original movies—including a spacecraft set to launch before the revolution takes place. However it pans out, though, it could not possibly be any worse than *Beneath the Planet of the Apes*.

*Conan the Barbarian*

Jason Momoa, Rachel Nichols, Rose McGowan

What is best in life? So a mere mortal asks the original Conan—Arnold, of course—to which the character replies (classically): “To crush your enemies, see them driven before you, and to hear the lamentation of their women.” Words we still live by. We’re not sure if they’re repeated in this remake, which boasts *Game of Thrones*’ Momoa as the title’s muscle-bound lunkhead, but we’re optimistic about the project, a pumped-up take on the original, complete with massive monsters, epic battle sequences, and supernatural evils. Also helping the new one’s chances: It features not one, but two hotties: *Alias*’s Nichols and perennial sexpot McGowan.

*Fright Night*

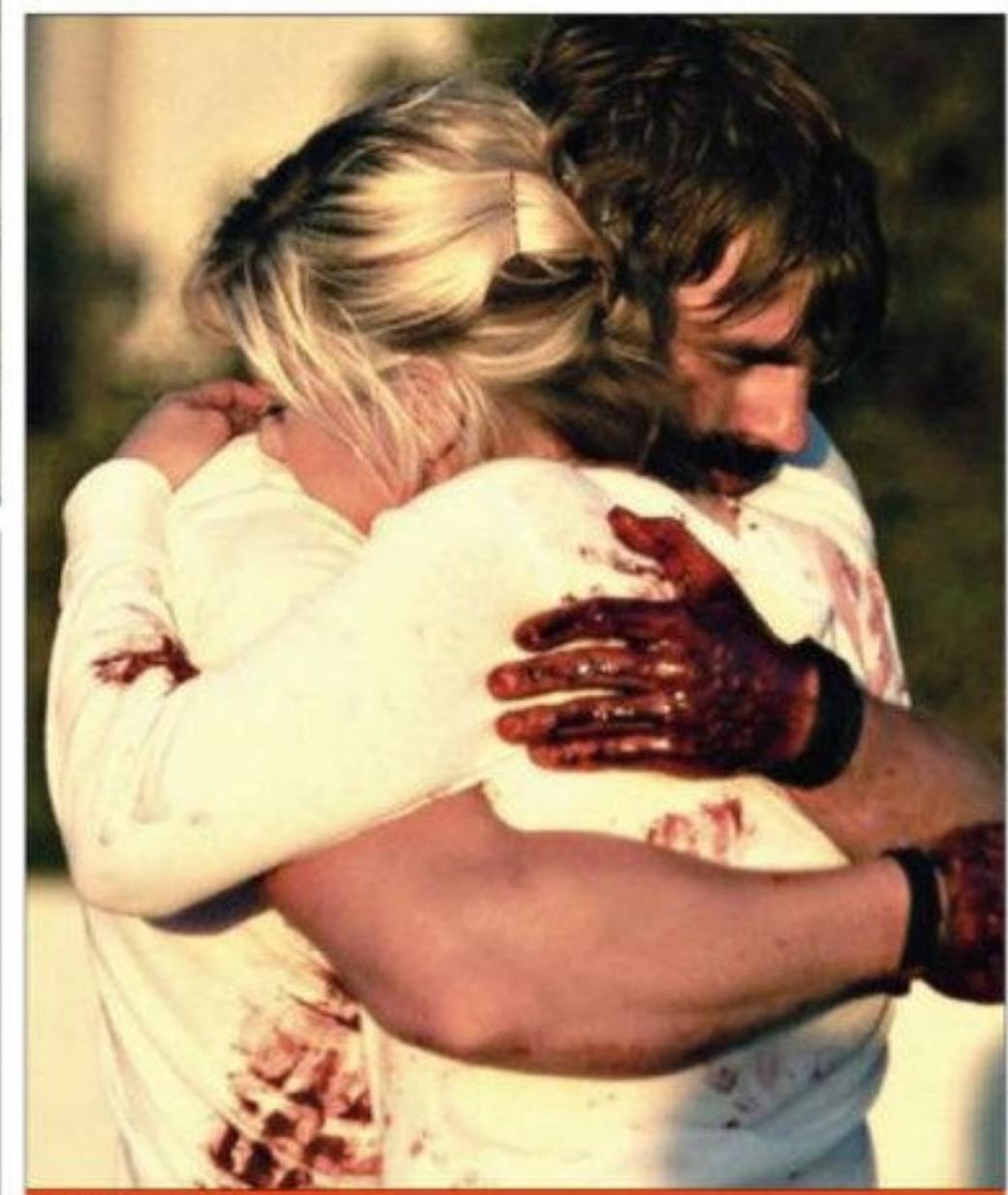
Colin Farrell, Toni Collette, Christopher Mintz-Plasse, Anton Yelchin

PHOTOGRAPH BY (BELLFLOWER) COURTESY OF OSCILLOSCOPE LABORATORIES

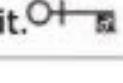
*30 Minutes or Less*

Jesse Eisenberg, Danny McBride, Aziz Ansari

We knew Eisenberg was going to blow up after his turn in *The Social Network*, but no one meant that literally—perhaps such predictions should be revised. In Eisenberg’s latest, a heist comedy, he plays a hapless pizza-delivery boy who is kidnapped and strapped with a bomb vest, then sent to a bank by half-smart schemers, played by McBride and Nick Swardson. It’s a ridiculous plan (naturally, based on a real-life 2003 crime) that is destined to go wrong, and with hyperactive motormouth Ansari on hand to supply the mania, we’ll happily brace for impact.

*Bellflower*

Evan Glodell, Jessie Wiseman, Tyler Dawson

Come the end of the world (nuclear-holocaust style), here are the things you’ll need: a few wicked flamethrowers, one souped-up *Mad Max* muscle car, and a best buddy to watch your back. So two morbid-minded gearheads Angelenos would have you believe in this hard-to-shake Sundance indie, an affecting drama about loneliness. When *Bellflower*’s real apocalypse arrives, though, it comes in the more likely form of a blonde, whose affections drive a stake through the guys’ friendship. Endlessly surprising, deceptively emotional, and suffused with a grimy DIY look (writer-director Glodell built his own camera), this is the raw antidote to outsize, super-heroic fare. Don’t wait until the bomb drops to see it. 

**DVDs**

From left: Steve Little, Don Johnson, and Danny McBride



In its second season, HBO's sitcom *Eastbound & Down* went darker, dirtier, and even funnier.

By John Semley

# Back on the Mound

**W**ith *Eastbound & Down*, writer/producer/director Jody Hill and star Danny McBride took the sitcom into new and darkly funny waters, with a true asshole of a leading man: Kenny Powers, a washed-up Major League pitcher. Season one established the show's backdrop of small-town North Carolina, and enhanced Powers's bad-boy antics with an exceptionally strong ensemble cast. Then, for season two, Hill ditched it all. He transplanted Powers to Mexico, set him up as a coke-snorting cock-fighter, and wrote off most of the secondary players, with the notable exception of the hilarious Steve Little as Kenny's sycophantic sidekick, Stevie. It was a bold move, especially given TV's fondness for sameness. "I wouldn't say we were worried,"

says Hill of the show's dramatic left turn. "But we did wonder if it would work. But from the show's conception, we wanted to do everything we could to push the idea of what a TV show can do." Hill and McBride had always considered the driving force character, not situation, and season two brought Powers to new lows: more booze, more drugs, more prostitutes, and more racism. And a dwarf. It's meaner and nastier than the first season, since it's lost many of the more likable supporting characters.

"We don't really set out to be dark for no reason," says Hill. "I think that happens because we structure our show the way you would structure a drama. Then we write the scenes funny." The comedy may be darker, but we love the new cast members—including Don Johnson, who steals every scene he's afforded as Kenny's piece-of-shit father—the four-letter-

spiced melodrama, and Kenny's extended struggle between being a breast man or an ass man. (It's like being a Beatles or a Rolling Stones fan—you can like both, but ultimately you have to pick an allegiance.)

Season two included Powers once again having a shot at a big-time baseball career, which his self-destructive persona fucked up—of course. "I'm not sure where the idea to make Kenny Powers a baseball player came from," says Hill. "Neither one of us knows anything about sports. In hindsight, it would have made more sense to make him a rock star."

Bonus features on the season-two DVDs include audio commentary tracks and the featurettes "Invitation to the Set," "Little Red Rooster," and "Deep Thoughts With Kenny Powers."

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# Sax Appeal

**Among jazz aficionados, Mindi Abair is a household name.**

**To those of us who only pretend we listen to jazz, she's the hot blonde sax player behind such arena-fillers as Duran Duran, Josh Groban, and the Backstreet Boys.**

Mindi Abair has released eight albums, had a handful of Top 10 singles on the Contemporary Jazz charts, and gets a spot on the bill at just about every jazz festival in the country. Still, few people outside the jazz community have any idea who she is. Then, this past April, she appeared on *American Idol* playing the sax solo from Bob Seger's "Old Time Rock & Roll" behind contestant Paul McDonald. After the song, Steven Tyler told McDonald, "Forget about you, who's your sax player?" (Prophetic words: McDonald was eliminated the next night, finishing in eighth place, while Abair's website crashed from traffic overload.) We asked the sexy spotlight-stealer to answer that question herself.

**What was your first thought when Steven Tyler called you out?**

I thought, *Wow, that's the coolest thing ever*. That was an amazing moment I'll never forget—to be the mystery sax player in Steven Tyler's world. I dreamed of being onstage with him that night, comparing the feathers in our hair, you know?

**You've got to feel a little bad for Paul ...**

Oh, my God, I felt so bad. I really got sucked into being a fan. When he got voted off, I texted [producer] Don Woods and said, "Oh, my gosh, my stomach just dropped for Paul!" And Don texted me back and said, "Paul's going to have a great career."

**Did you pick up any new fans?**

Yeah! The next morning on Yahoo, the lead story was about the mystery sax player on *Idol*. There were three million hits on that. And my website, MindiAbair.com, crashed in the middle of the day after 75,000 hits. We got it back up and running and it got another 75,000 hits after that.

That's not reality. We have our little microcosm that we call jazz, and it's wonderful, but it's not going to get you 75,000 hits in a couple of hours. I couldn't be more thankful.

**As a backup player, you're in front of huge crowds but under the radar. At jazz festivals, the crowds are smaller, but they're there to see you. What's your preference?**

I love playing with my band because it's my music and it's always been my dream. But it is fun to not lead the concert, to have the pressure taken off you and be a part of the huge party. There's this incredible buzz and energy and excitement around [the performer], and to be part of it for a few hours, it's an unbelievable high.

**Do you have any crazy road stories from hanging out with so many bands?**

I can tell you a good Billy Idol story. I've played in Adam Sandler's band for a long time. He did a wrap party for *The Wedding Singer*, so I went and jammed. Billy Idol's in that movie, so he was up there playing. I was up front singing, and I felt something on my ass. I looked back and Billy Idol was playing the guitar, but literally had his teeth sunk into my ass. He didn't bite and let go—he was hanging from my

ass playing guitar. I was like, *You've gotta be kidding me!* But it's Billy Idol. That's kind of what he does, right?

**He might be the only person who could get away with that.**

Adam Sandler came up to me after the set was over and was like, "My God, what was that all about?" I said, "I don't know. This is *your show!*" Billy never introduced himself or anything. You'd think you'd be man enough to say hello.

**What's it like working with Adam Sandler?**

He's a great singer and a great guitar player—if he were less funny, he'd probably be a rock star. When he first put together his band, I had just come out of Berklee College of Music. I was this serious jazz musician, really well-schooled. And I learned that sometimes it's just about getting out there, having a good time, and rockin' out.

**Your albums are a mix of singing and sax. Which do you enjoy more?**

You know, at the beginning of my career, when I was trying to get signed to record labels, each label said, "Well, are you a singer or are you a sax player? You can't do both." Uh, why can't I do both? People play piano and sing. People play the guitar and sing.

**Well, you can't play the sax and sing at the same time.**

Now there's where I would make some money, if I could pull that off! There's a huge place in my heart for the saxophone, and I can get so much out as a saxophonist. As a singer, I've got the voice that I was born with, which is a real "pop" voice. But I always wanted to scream like Tina Turner or Mick Jagger. And with the saxophone, I can do that. I can show that side of me.

**When you're playing backup, do you try to put your own stamp on it?**

Absolutely. That's what I respect in other people—having them bring a part of themselves to my music makes my music better. So I always hope that people want me to do the same. They call me for me.

BY KARA WAHLGREN

"Billy Idol was playing the guitar, but literally had his teeth sunk into my ass. He didn't bite and let go—he was hanging from my ass playing guitar."





# Madden NFL 12



## EA SPORTS

(XBOX 360, PS3, Wii)

If Cleveland Browns star Peyton Hillis is in your fantasy football league, it's time to trade him out. The running back landed the dubious honor of cover athlete for the latest installment of EA Sports' revered pigskin simulator, putting him square in the crosshairs of the dreaded Madden Curse.

Fortunately, endangering Hillis's career isn't all *Madden NFL 12* brings to the gridiron. This sequel packs improvements over last year's installment in every category, especially presentation. Real NFL Films cameramen were enlisted to reproduce the angles seen on TV, and stadiums have been re-created right down to individual blades of grass. Players from all 32 NFL teams take to the field in authentically rendered equipment complete with helmet decals, which become dingy in sloppy weather.

Other improvements are less superficial. Revamped physics give the ball a proper Newtonian spin, while the entire tackling system is more true-to-life—and more painful to watch. The ability to customize a playbook from scratch using up to 400 offensive and defensive plays will empower armchair QBs who thrive on strategic nitty-gritty. Enhanced artificial intelligence means the defenders will take initiative to break out of their assigned positions when push comes to shove. Even furries will find something to love: Mascots have finally been added to the franchise.

## RAGE

BETHESDA SOFTWORKS (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

Are you a wannabe road warrior who wishes your driving games had more shooting or your shooting games had more driving? Reach for this apocalyptic first-person blaster developed by the genre's progenitors, id Software. A near-future asteroid collision has transformed Earth into a wasteland ruled by mutants, bandit gangs, and a totalitarian government that kindly requests your immediate surrender. Strap into your dune buggy to explore the sprawling no-man's-land that separates towns from other points of interest, where you embark on foot and trade fire with slavering survivors of various sizes, shapes, and chromosomal deficiencies.

In between missions and side quests, you soup up your buggy with parts and weapons, then enter it in death races with bandit clans. Boomerang blades, one-man turrets, sentry bots, and even remote-controlled exploding cars make up your arsenal, which you can share with a passenger in co-op mode or wield solo in all-out multiplayer death matches, a hallmark of id Software's games since back in *Doom*'s day.

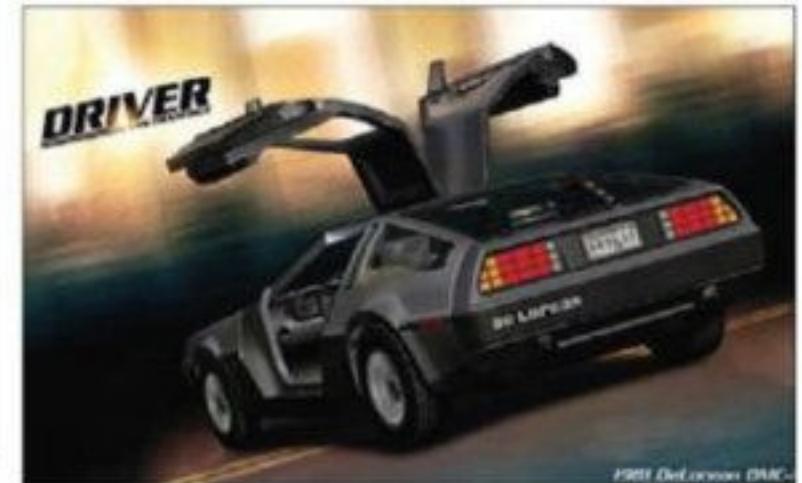


**DRIVER: SAN FRANCISCO**

UBISOFT (XBOX 360, PS3, WII, PC)

Any real-life high-speed chase through San Francisco's hilly, curvy streets would likely culminate in the kind of car carnage seen only in driver's ed. films—but the latest installment in the *Driver* franchise lets you fulfill your *Bullitt*-inspired fantasies without becoming an organ donor. More than 200 miles of roadways—from the Golden Gate Bridge to Lombard Street's famous switchbacks—have been faithfully re-created, while a stunt camera records your deft weaving through rush-hour traffic and drift cornering at Haight and Ashbury.

The game puts you behind the wheels of more than 120 licensed autos—almost simultaneously. A novel twist lets you hop seamlessly from vehicle to vehicle to coordinate road-blocks, terrorize entire convoys of foes, and use your engine-powered ingenuity to stop a mob boss from terrorizing the city. If single-player stalls out, you can take on friends in nearly 20 multiplayer modes, or try special challenges modeled after famous TV and movie chase scenes. We can almost hear Steve McQueen spinning his wheels in his grave.

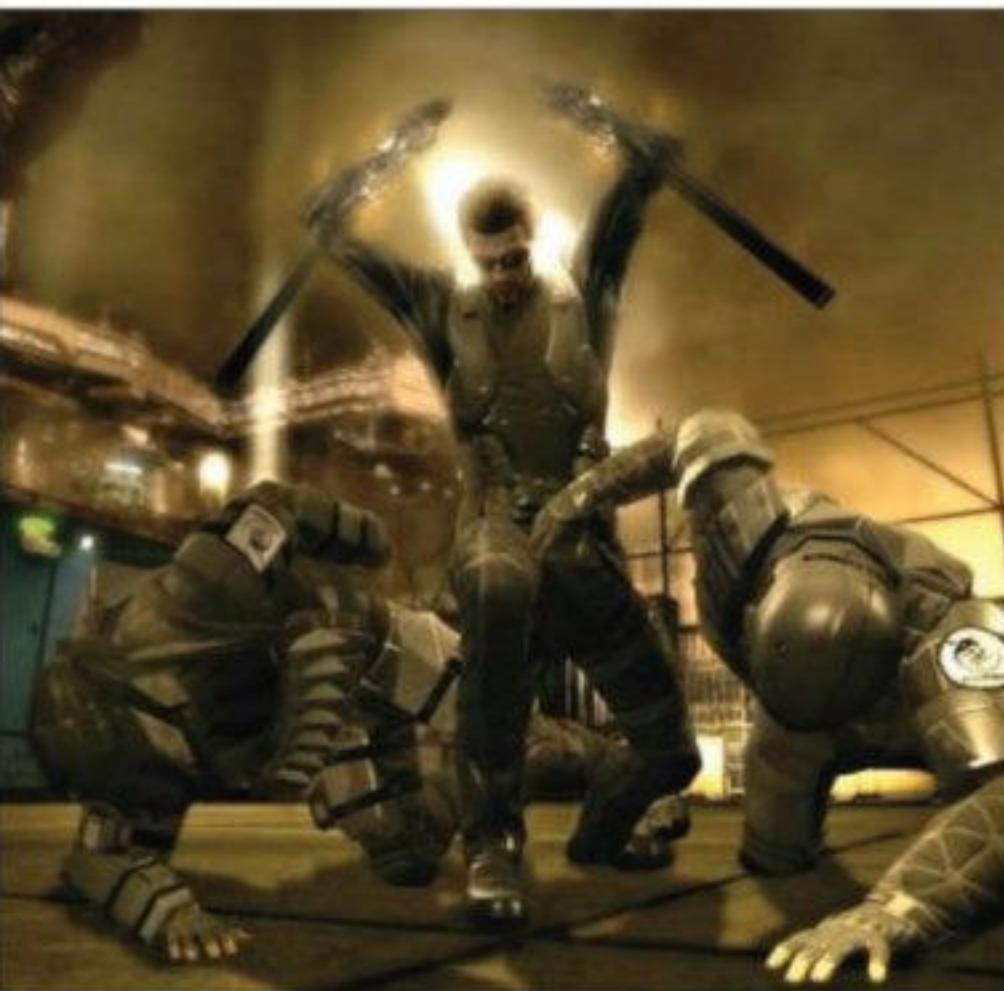
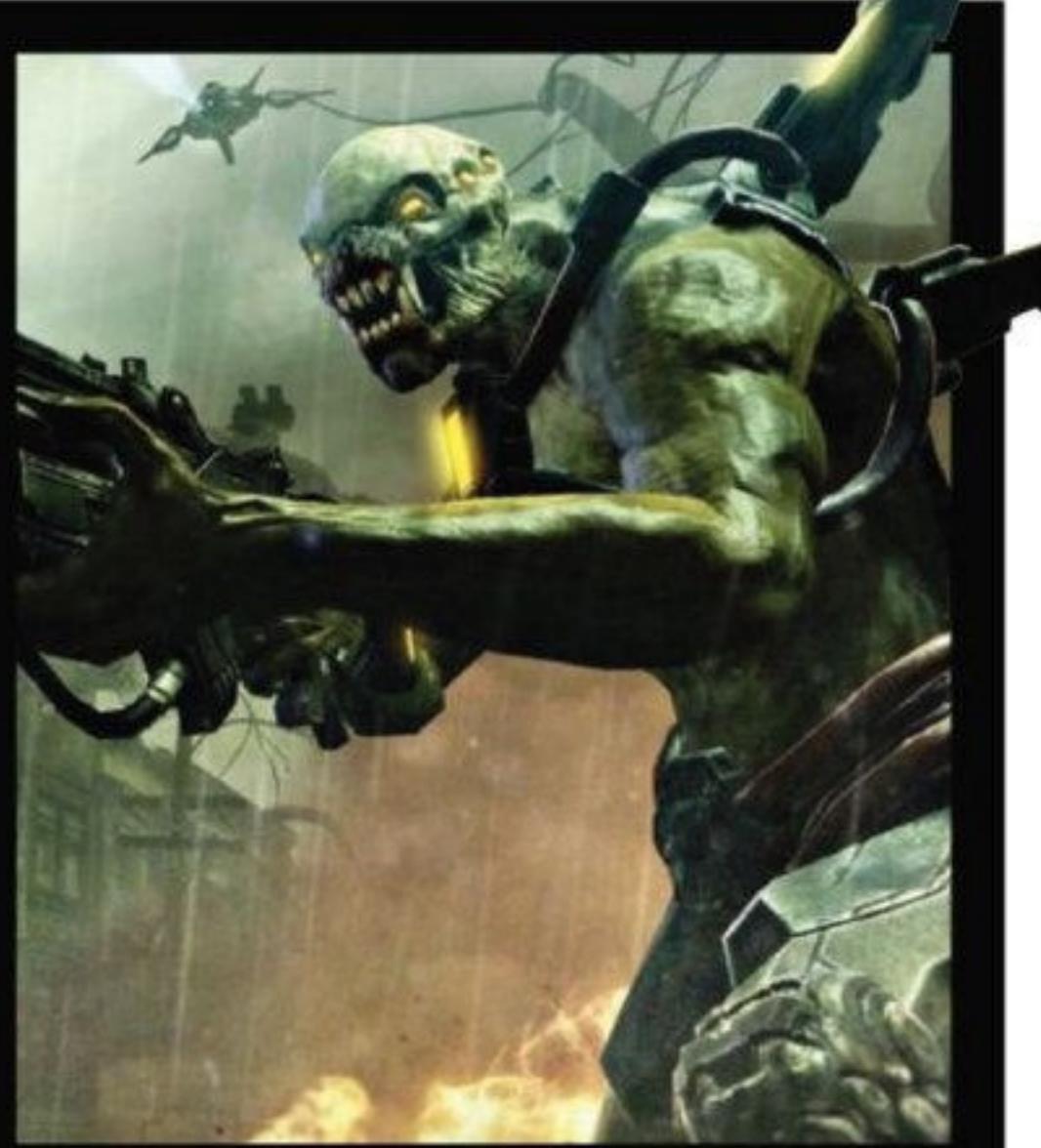


DRIVER: DeLorean DMC-12

**RESISTANCE 3**

SONY (PS3)

Alternate history is a friggin' blast—especially when it involves a mutant horde conquering 1950s America. That's where the last *Resistance* game left us, with U.S. forces trounced by ghoulish Chimeras and the planet's climate headed for the crapper. Now, you play a genetically supercharged member of the underground who must battle his way from Oklahoma to New York City, where scientists have devised a Hail Mary plan to put the mutants down for good. Think of it as a first-person-shooter road trip with stops for firefights instead of Stuckey's nut logs.

**DEUS EX: HUMAN REVOLUTION**

SQUARE ENIX (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

The original *Deus Ex*, a cyberpunked-out mix of roleplaying and first-person shooting, is the equivalent of fine vintage wine among gamers, so this follow-up—billed as a prequel—has a lot to live up to. As in the original and its flawed sequel, you play a completely customizable cybernetic hero who can accomplish missions in a multitude of ways. Will you go robo-Rambo and simply run-and-gun? Use stealth for silent-but-violent close-quarter kills? Hack your way through each mission's cyber-defenses? How you choose to play has consequences for the overall story, meaning few players will share the same experience. And even if the game falls short of the original's promise, its *Blade Runner* meets the Renaissance aesthetic will impress any art-major girlfriends. 

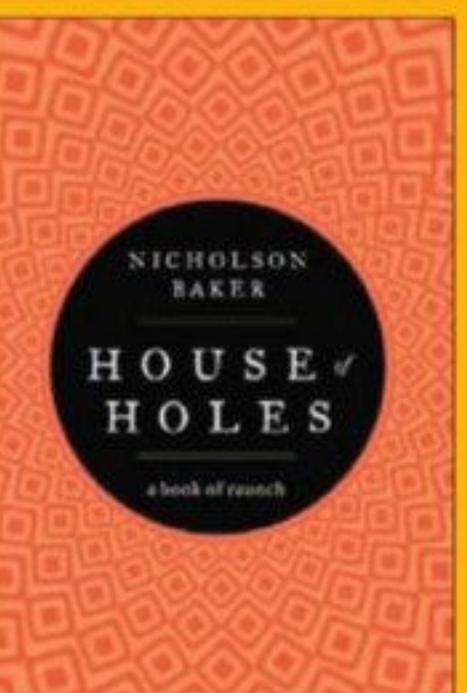
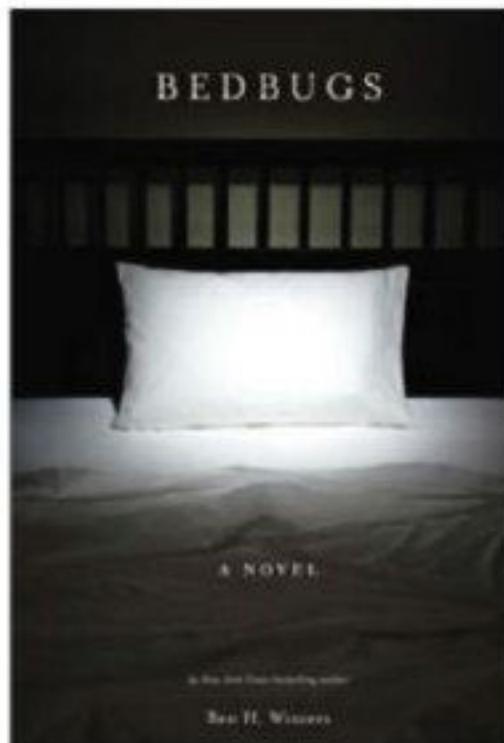


## CREEPING THINGS

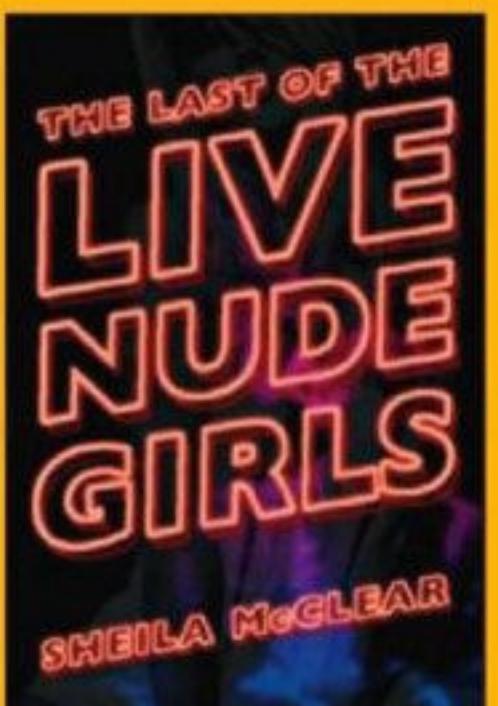
A new novel puts a skin-crawling twist on the classic psychological horror story.

**Bedbugs**  
By Ben H. Winters  
Quirk Books

I would not recommend reading *Bedbugs* in bed; it's that gripping—and grotesque. Young couple Susan and Alex move to what seems like a bargain apartment in Brooklyn, until Susan starts being haunted, and taunted, by bedbugs. The young mother is driven increasingly mad, while Alex and their daughter are unaffected by the insidious insects. Winters draws out the suspense as they descend from being a family with an apparently normal life into a spiral of freakishness. Susan's paintings start to become altered with bug bites, and when the artist seeks help, an exterminator tells her there's nothing wrong with the building. At a loss, she goes online, which takes her deeper into the mystery unfolding right before her eyes. This creepy story is expertly told, and will have you scratching imaginary itches long after you finish reading.



You wouldn't expect a straightforward novel from the twisted mind of Nicholson Baker, and in this alternate-world fantasy from Simon & Schuster, anything and everything goes. The story opens with a man who gave up his right arm, literally, for a bigger penis; now said arm is its own entity. Sex is central to the characters' bizarre encounters, and to fully enjoy *House of Holes*, you have to let yourself jump right into a world where tattoos can leap off one person's skin and onto another's, and no erotic fantasy is too outlandish.



Like countless women before her, McClear turned to stripping to make ends meet after arriving in New York City without a job. But her memoir from Soft Skull Press has the added distinction of being set in the last remaining Times Square peep shows. Adopting the nom de smut Chelsea, she strips with coworkers who outshine her as characters, with their over-the-top outfits and bitchy attitudes. Readers might wish for more frequent police raids or other drama, as McClear shows just how mundane raunch can be.

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# AN EXERCISE IN DESIGN, OR YOUR NEXT CAR?

Concept vehicles used to be wishful thinking.  
Now they're closer to your driveway than ever.

By Bill Heald





## JAGUAR C-X75

Contemporary technology has done great things for automobiles, and I'm not just talking about how cutting-edge engineering makes our rides more stimulating. An additional benefit involves how fast designers' dreams can go from the drawing board to reality, and incorporate more complex body forms, hybrid drivetrains, and the latest electronic devices. Jaguar's C-X75 may have one of the hottest profiles in this group, but it's so much more than just a great body. This beautiful supercar is a boldly ambitious project that blends an advanced power train with futuristic styling, ultimately producing an aggressive departure from even the most dramatic Jaguar concept efforts to date.

The 778-horsepower "propulsion system" uses electric motors at each wheel as a primary drive system, supplemented by mid-engine micro gas turbines that can charge the batteries and/or provide supplemental power. Not only is this a snarling carnivore in terms of acceleration and top speed, but this is also a green avenger that uses plug-in hybrid technology. Jaguar claims a range of more than 550 miles. That means if you charge the batteries at your provincial estate a few hours before you depart to bid on that van Gogh you want to hang above the

fireplace, you can travel around 60 miles solely under emission-free electric power. Then the engines fire up to recharge the batteries and provide thrust as needed. A 205-mile-per-hour projected top speed puts the X75 in rare company, and while of all the vehicles here this may be furthest from mass production, Jaguar will sell you a limited-edition coupe based on the concept (sans the micro turbines—you'll get a more conventional engine for now). It will have only two electric motors instead of four, but it should still get up to 60 miles per hour in about three seconds. Act fast, though, as the company will build only 250 units at somewhere around \$1.2 million a pop. That van Gogh can wait, yes?





## GMC SIERRA ALL-TERRAIN HD

Whereas most concepts tend to start from a clean sheet of paper, GMC has taken its heavy-duty truck platform and used it as a starting point for the ultimate work/play/overthrow and pillage vehicle, and it's as functional as it is eye candy for truck lovers. The most critical modification involves tweaking this massive vehicle so it can surmount just about any obstacle you might encounter both on- or off-road; this is achieved through increased ground clearance, better approach/departure angles, customized control arms, and fully adjustable Fox shocks (from a company famous for its off-road racing expertise). Electronic disconnection of the front stabilizer bar, which enables greater suspension travel on rocky terrain, is accomplished at the touch of a button. There's full composite underbody protection, and

cool (yet very practical) features abound, such as lockable, lighted storage compartments and motorized assist steps for the cab and cargo bed to make access easier (they tuck away for off-road driving). Power comes from a 397-horsepower Duramax V-8 diesel. Since that's been coupled with the Allison transmission, this truck can haul 2,700 pounds and tow 13,000 pounds. Obviously this isn't just a design exercise; it's a seriously capable mountain-mover. "It's the ultimate professional-grade tool for construction crews, ranchers, and adventurers whose activities aren't limited by where the pavement ends," explains Lisa Hutchinson, GMC product marketing director. "Although it is strictly a concept, it is a pretty realistic one."

## SAAB PHOENIX

This dream Saab, which resembles a stainless-steel cruise missile (with butterfly doors), is a stunning machine that lures you in with artfully sculpted lines and phenomenal detail work. The company itself has been plagued with changes in ownership, financing, and other trivialities, but when it comes to aviation-based design mastery (Saab started out by building fighter planes, after all), these Swedes are hitting on all cylinders. I should say they're turning on all motors, too, for like so many of our concepts here, this is a high-performance gas/electric hybrid. The front wheels are driven by a state-of-the-art turbocharged engine, while the rear wheels get an electric motor for multimode all-wheel drive operation. The body around this drivetrain is a perfect example of what can happen when you give designers a free hand. Saab likes to describe the

form as "tightly wrapped by a liquid-like skin, with the teardrop cabin resembling a dark ice block appearing to erupt from the center of the muscular bodywork." At the New York International Auto Show, there was a giant ice sculpture next to the PhoeniX to support this contention, but I think most visitors were too focused on the car to notice. Conventional door handles or crude mirrors on stalks don't compromise the airflow over this exquisite body, because electronic latches and tiny cameras handle these chores instead. Saab calls the minimalist interior styling (featuring innovative LED light tubes) an "aero-motional" design strategy, incorporating "fire and ice" effects. Onboard tech includes Google Android-sourced web access for maps, music streaming, and ultimately downloading specialized applications.



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DRIVING FORCE



## INFINITI IPL G CONVERTIBLE

One of the most successful types of concept cars (meaning a design that not only gets attention but ultimately ends up as a lightly modified production version) is a convertible variant of an existing model. Infiniti's division-within-a-division, called IPL (for Infiniti Performance Line), is a place where both styling and high performance get priority over pure practicality, so production numbers are kept quite low. The G convertible concept takes the basic underpinnings of the IPL G coupe and adds a three-piece retractable hardtop for the kind of open-air pleasure only topless motoring can deliver. An IPL-tuned V-6 resides under the hood, and assuming it follows the coupe's lead, there's a robust 348 horsepower complemented by a specially tuned sport suspension with more responsive steering response than is found in most luxury autos. The body is carved to cut through

the wind with effortless efficiency, and in return the aerodynamic body structure has a balanced flow to it that is a beauty to behold, especially in the concept's lustrous Malbec Black finish. One common problem a lot of cars have when a convertible version is created from a coupe is a loss of the car's styling aesthetic, as if the idea of having a removable top was purely an afterthought. The IPL G is one of those beauties in life that looks much better topless, as if this state is exactly what nature intended all along. Will a car that's pretty much identical to this gorgeous concept see production soon? We wouldn't bet against it.

## CADILLAC URBAN LUXURY

Back when Cadillac originally released the CTS sedan, the world was shocked and delighted with the bold, angular styling, a dramatic departure from anything Cadillac had ever done before. It was risky but it paid off handsomely, so now when we see a sharp, chiseled box like the Urban Luxury Concept it's not hard to imagine that GM has the stones to bring something like this to market. True, it looks like it rolled off the set of a sci-fi movie, yet there's plenty of family resemblance to identify the American luxury brand, and practical engineering in the tall, cubical profile (and even the bizarre scissor-style doors). This is a clever answer for those craving a roomy luxury vehicle in a crowded urban environment, as it seats four comfortably, yet, as Cadillac puts it, is "comparable in size to popular city cars

found in Paris, Shanghai, and London." Those trick scissor doors swing forward and up for access to both rows of seats and can be opened in really tight quarters. The hybrid drivetrain is likewise designed to facilitate congested metropolitan lifestyles with a one-liter Inline Triple engine teamed with electric-assist technology. City-mileage figures are estimated to be well over 50 miles per hour, yet this is no econobox in terms of interior accommodations. Touch-pad screens and projected readouts take the place of most traditional gauges, and the interior is trimmed with exotic materials, while the latest-generation interactive hardware interfaces with top-shelf audio, navigation, and comfort accessories.





## SCION FR-S

Toyota's Scion division has been aimed at young, entry-level drivers, yet it has sold a lot of vehicles to everybody from urban customizers to fun-loving retirees. So when it announced a new concept at the Javits Center in Manhattan, I think most journalists were expecting a creative, stylish, youth-centered ride that was ultimately just an economy car. What Scion delivered was a wicked-hot coupe that is all about driving desire; in fact, it's a purist's sports car that's engineered to be user-friendly and affordable. The FR-S (for Front-Engine, Rear-Wheel-Drive Sport) looks almost like a baby Ferrari 308, yet the real goodies are housed in the chassis beneath. There's a small but potent flat-four boxer engine, and a design that has a really low profile and therefore a low center of gravity for optimal handling. Since Toyota owns a chunk of Subaru (and this is its signature engine architecture that powers the likes of the WRX performance sedan), it's certainly possible there's some Outback in the heart of this Scion. A fully independent suspension, rear-wheel drive, and lightweight construction all point to serious corner-carving capabilities.

This is an all-new design, but there's heritage at work here, and

it comes from the desire to build a weekend racer's dream. "The FR-S Concept is most closely inspired by the AE86 Corolla," explains Scion Vice President Jack Hollis. He's referring to the classic "hachi-roku," as it was known in Japan, a budget road-racing icon from 25 years ago. "The AE86 didn't rely on brute horsepower," he continues, "but instead a remarkable combination of a lightweight design, manageable power, and great balance. It made its way into almost every genre of racing, from grip to drift, and from the circuit to mountain roads." This is one of those concept cars that is so brilliant it has to make it into showrooms. We hope. Please? ■



# Extra Oomph

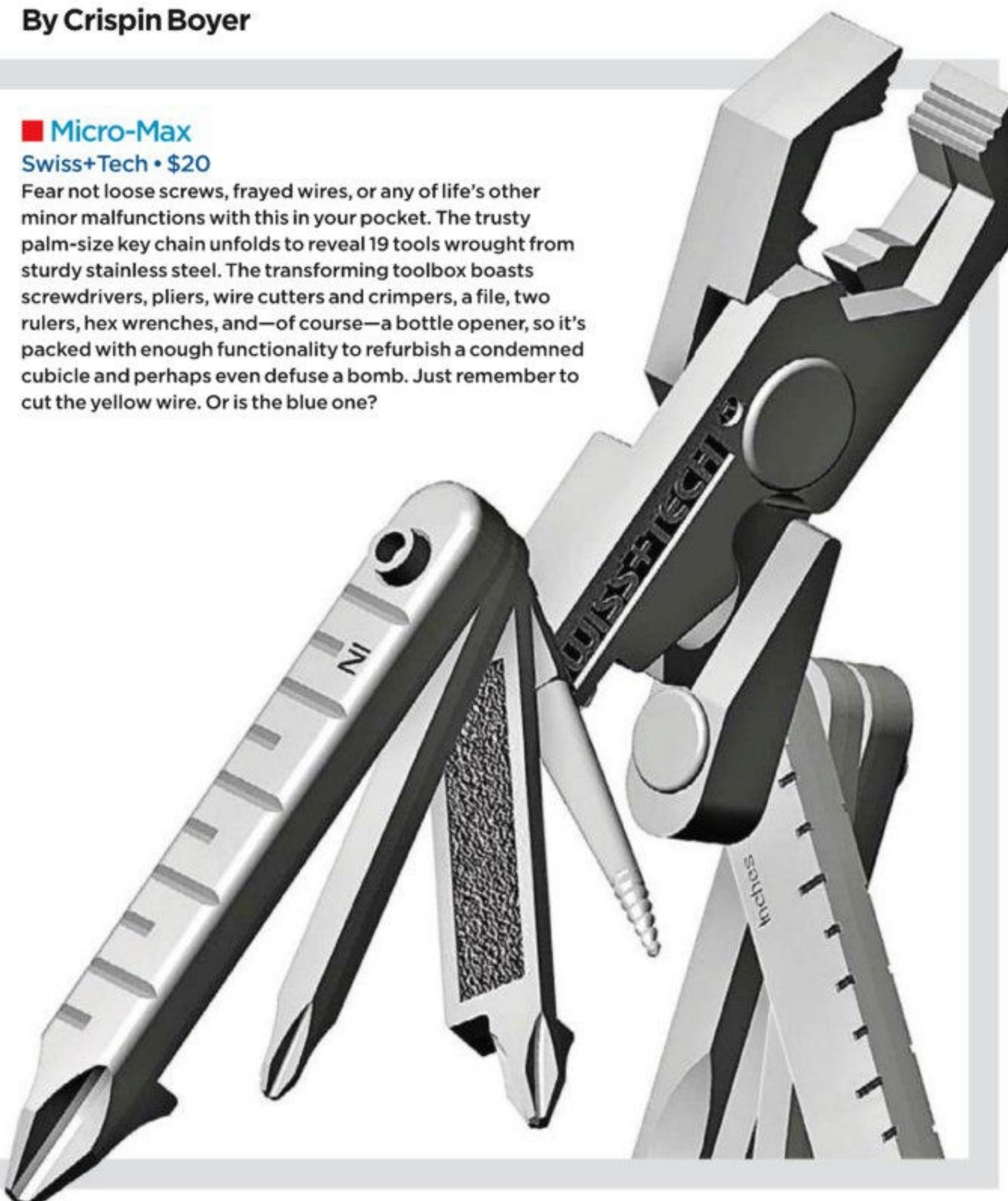
Get more than you bargained for with products that pack a few surprises.

By Crispin Boyer

## ■ Micro-Max

Swiss+Tech • \$20

Fear not loose screws, frayed wires, or any of life's other minor malfunctions with this in your pocket. The trusty palm-size key chain unfolds to reveal 19 tools wrought from sturdy stainless steel. The transforming toolbox boasts screwdrivers, pliers, wire cutters and crimpers, a file, two rulers, hex wrenches, and—of course—a bottle opener, so it's packed with enough functionality to refurbish a condemned cubicle and perhaps even defuse a bomb. Just remember to cut the yellow wire. Or is the blue one?



This key chain has enough functionality to refurbish a condemned cubicle and perhaps even defuse a bomb.



## ■ PicoHD5.1 media player

Crystal Acoustics • \$83

No need to make room in your entertainment center for this media streamer. It's so small that it's dwarfed by its own remote control. Despite its petite size, it rivals larger, pricier streamers, supporting every video format out there, and it outputs up to 1080p video with 5.1 DTS/Dolby AC3 digital audio. Just load your movies—acquired via totally legal means, of course—onto an external hard drive, thumb drive, or smart card; connect it to the player; then hook it up to your TV via a variety of outputs. The straightforward interface will take care of the rest.



## ■ EVO 3D

HTC • \$200 (estimated) with two-year contract

With its dazzling 4.3-inch display, this 4G cell is the big-screen TV of smartphones—and that sizable screen just got an extra dimension. Dual cameras on the back take 3-D photos and movies, which you can view on the screen or stream via HDMI to a 3-D HDTV. The powerful dual-core Snapdragon processor was made for web browsing and media streaming off Sprint's zippy 4G network, while the clever HTC Sense interface makes it easy to keep your favorite Android apps at your fingertips.



### Synapse

Nixon • \$200 to \$250

Your phone, your tablet, and maybe even your bedside alarm clock can multitask, so why not your watch? This wears all its functions right on its ultramodern face. Time, alarm, stopwatch, countdown timer—modes relegated to separate screens on most digital watches—appear simultaneously on the Synapse's tiered display. Touch-screen controls rather than bulky buttons let you futz with all the features. It's sturdily built from mineral-hardened stainless steel and waterproof to 300 feet, so it's a stylish timepiece that's also ready for the great outdoors.



### Fairfax sunglasses

Factory 413 • \$41

Modern-day daredevils go through sunglasses like they're made out of cheap plastic—which most are. The lightweight Fairfax shades, however, are molded of an impact-resistant material that can withstand daily abuse from skaters, mountain bikers, and anyone else who prefers a rough-and-tumble lifestyle. With their classic frames (available in matte black or glossy black) and dark-smoke lenses, these sturdy glasses are the most stylish safety goggles you can buy, ensuring you'll always look cool during a hard bail.



### Go Flex Satellite

Seagate • \$200

External hard drives have become crucial gear for transporting media from points A to B, but this goes the extra mile when you're on the road. It functions as a portable Wi-Fi network, broadcasting its contents up to 150 feet. Laptops, tablets, smartphones—any device with Wi-Fi connectivity and a web browser—can access the drive and stream its media. The 500-gigabyte drive holds about 300 high-def movies (the battery lasts up to five hours), vastly increasing the media-playing potential of the iPad and other devices that lean on onboard memory. 



### Automobili Lamborghini VX7 laptop

ASUS • \$2,299

You expect thoroughbred performance from any laptop geared toward gaming, but this 15.6-inch computer looks like it might actually fly off your lap and disappear in a cloud of vaporized rubber. The aluminum casing—available in black, carbon fiber, or see-it-from-space orange—is modeled after a Lamborghini chassis, complete with taillights, a rear-exhaust cooling system, leather palm rests, and a power button that's shaped like an ignition key. The high-revving second-generation Core i7 processor and three-gig GeForce GTX 460M graphics card provide more horsepower than anything else in ASUS's garage.



# THE DILEMMA

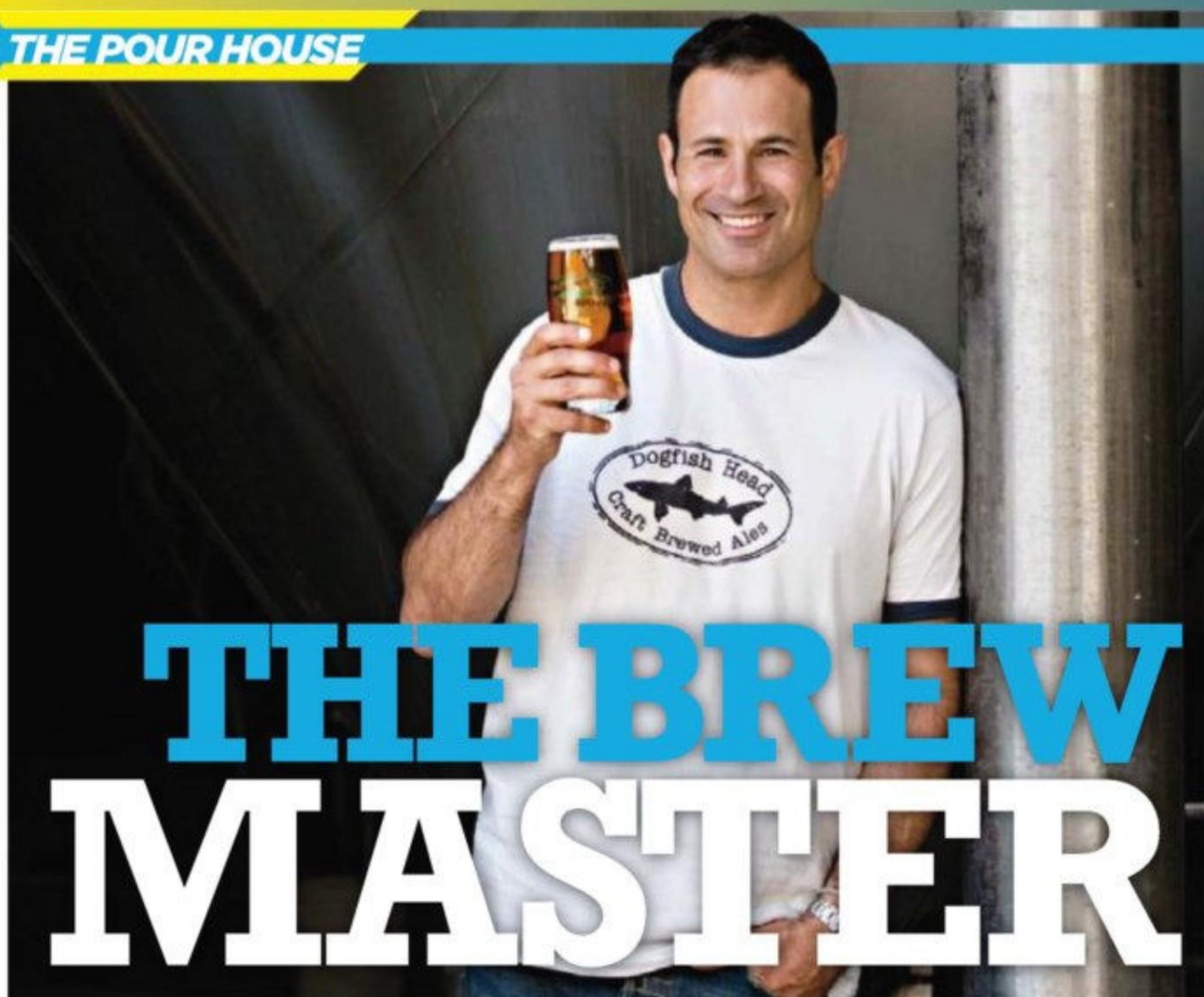
If you've ever felt the sting of being cheated on, a hot married chick who's looking to stray might present a moral dilemma. Our twenty-first-century rogue will set you straight.

Illustration by Celia Calle

I've been office buddies with this girl for a year or so, but lately we've been hanging out after work. She's married and has what looks like a \$10,000 rock to prove it, but she doesn't mention her husband much. I only met him once, when he picked her up at the bar in his Benz and we talked for a few minutes. The funny thing is, he was a buff dude who seemed totally gay. The next day she asked me what I thought of her husband, and I said I'd never met him. She was all, "You met him yesterday, silly!" and I blurted out, "You mean that gay dude?" She acted like no one had ever thought that before. But that night, after a few shots, we ended up kissing. When she reached for my dick, I remembered that poor schmuck's clueless smile, and how nice he'd been, and my dick went limp. I've been cheated on, and I just couldn't bring myself to cuckold another man. But now she's sending me sexy photos, and her body is even better than I ever imagined. I'm wondering if I should just go for it.

**H**e's got a Benz and \$10,000 for a ring, huh? With that kind of liquidity, I'd marry the guy. Can he afford a sex change, too?

My point is, your girl is obviously not with this guy for his bedroom moves. Not if she's fishing for flesh in your boxers. You have a couple of options here. One is to send in a gay man to do some recon. As soon as your boy collects hard evidence that the husband is in the mood for dude, you can puncture the girl and come without compunction. But why go to all that trouble? In the time it takes your G man to pull it off, the girl will have moved on to someone who is willing to screw her. Trust me, this girl is hot to trot, and you need to stop being a naysayer and start being a player. If you're really such a softy that you just can't get it up for cheating, maybe a threesome is the way to go. But the Scoundrel's official advice is, stop being a pussy and get some. It's time to master a move I like to call "cock her and walk her." That's when you fuck the shit out of someone's wife, then walk her home to her other half. Bonus points if you bang her again on the porch swing.



# THE BREW MASTER

**When it comes to craft beer, it really is okay to cheat.  
Take it from someone who knows.**

**By Ben Keene**

E

e's made beer with cloudberry, lemongrass, and licorice root. He's worked with archaeologists to re-create ancient fermented beverages and has traveled the world with a film crew to shoot *Brew Masters* for the Discovery Channel. In short, Sam Calagione, the founder and president of Dogfish Head Craft Brewery in Milton, Delaware, is a visionary. *Penthouse* recently spoke with Calagione about cheating on your beer, the importance of experimentation, and La Birreria, Eataly's newly opened rooftop beer garden in New York City.

#### **What would you be doing if not for Dogfish Head?**

In school, English was the only thing that kept my interest—and it's interesting how relevant that background has been. There's no greater work of fiction than a business plan. I've made a career out of turning fiction into nonfiction, so if I had to do something else, I'd be an English teacher or a creative-writing teacher.

#### **You've acquired a cult following among beer drinkers. Who in the brewing industry inspires you?**

In general, the Belgian brewers. They love food and having a good time, but they don't have a wine-growing tradition. They have this awesome wild yeast flying around in the air.

#### **Now that Dogfish is a \$50 million business, do you feel pressure to be less experimental?**

Not at all, but you're right. That's sort of an existential question. I'm proud that our beers are more diverse than they were 15 years ago. Now we truly have the resources at our fingertips to search for ingredients from around the globe. We want to celebrate the breadth of our portfolio.

#### **After participating in trends like barrel-aging, what's next for Dogfish? Any plans for a sour beer?**

You're right in recognizing these as trends. Barrel-aging isn't going away. But I think our brewery was the first to bottle a sour beer: Festina Peche, a lambic-style peach beer. We've been playing around with sour beers for a long time. In the fall we'll release Noble Rot. It gets its sourness from a botrytis infection. We worked with a winery out in Washington state, and I think it will be the first consumer product with the word "rot" in it.

#### **What's the biggest challenge for craft beer?**

That's an easy one and also a scary one: Its consolidation around the world, both in retail and in breweries. Two conglomerates sell most of the beer in this country. Frankly, something's wrong with that picture. Every day, small brewers work hard to make sure the hundreds of other styles get a shot in the marketplace. That's why we're promiscuous. We all want to cheat on our beer to explore the wider world of beer.

#### **You often encourage people to cheat on their beers. Have you had an affair to remember?**

[Laughs] Let's see.... I remember shuffling back to a dimly lit hotel room in Brussels about eight years ago. My mistress was Cantillon Kriek. I had my way with that beer all night long.

#### **Name the place you visited for Brew Masters that you'd go back to first.**

I'd have to say Italy. I've been going for years and I've hosted Slow Food seminars for years. They have such a distinct revolution going on over there. I say "revolution" because in the United States it's more of a renaissance. The Italian craft-brew scene is really exciting. Craft brewers in Italy are blazing new paths, taking from their rich wine and culinary traditions. That's why we decided to collaborate with Italian brewers for Eataly.

#### **Let's talk about Eataly and the new beer garden, La Birreria. What interested you in the project?**

Just the opportunity to work with amazing, creative people like Teo [Musso] and Leo [Di Vincenzo] and Joe [Bastianich], who knows wine like the back of his hand. Mario [Batali] is an iconic chef. I learned a lot from those guys. That was the whole reason for working with them.

For us, it's the opportunity to turn foodies and wine lovers on to craft beer. We're doing an American Pale Ale with Northwest hops, but we're adding thyme from outside Rome. So instead of dry-hopping, we're dry-thyming. The thing about La Birreria is, we only have the capacity to make three beers at any given moment. I think we'll be the only brewpub in the country where 100 percent of the beer is not carbonated. Every beer will be hand-pulled from a beer engine.

[mandy]





# sheer bliss

Twenty-two-year-old Mandy Dee, an adult-entertainment star from St. Petersburg, Russia, never keeps her assets under wraps. "My fans love my natural D-cup tits," she tells us, "and that's great, because I get off on showing them off."

Photographs by Clifford Wright

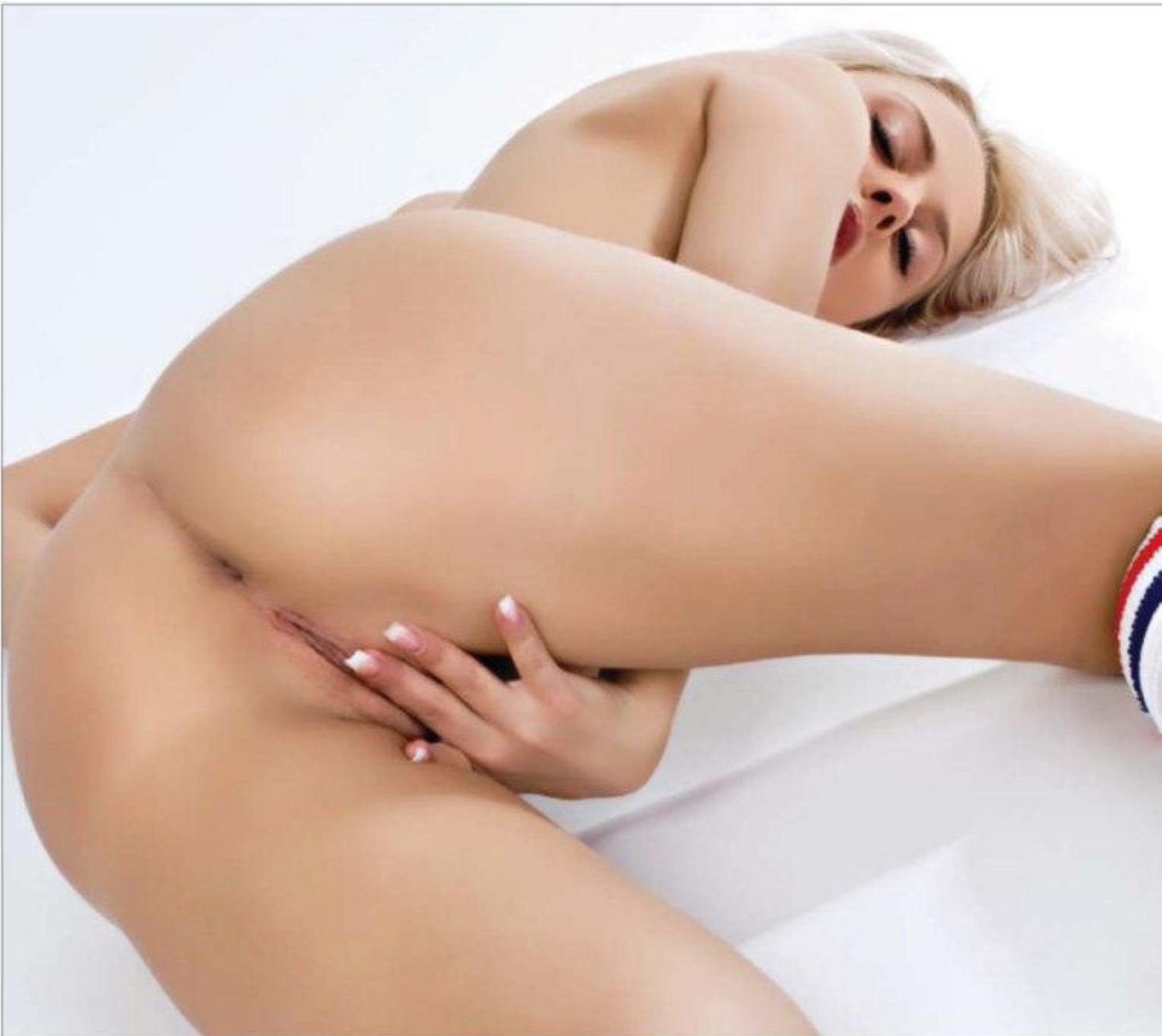


A full-page photograph of a blonde woman with short hair, sitting on a purple couch. She is nude, wearing only a thin, metallic garter belt with small diamonds hanging from it. Her body is angled slightly, showing her breasts, abdomen, and legs. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression.

"I think size matters  
for men, but not in the  
way most guys think.  
Thick dicks, not long  
ones, turn me on."

A full-page photograph of a blonde woman with short hair, sitting on a white surface. She is nude, with her body angled slightly to the left. Her right hand rests against her cheek, and her gaze is directed towards the camera. She is wearing white socks with red and blue horizontal stripes on the cuffs. The background is plain white.

"Sexually, I'm a giver,  
and I love to please my  
lovers. I'm always up  
for giving a blowjob."





A full-page photograph of a blonde woman in a black and white zebra-print room. She is standing on a zebra-print rug, leaning against a wall with a black and white checkered pattern. She is nude, with her left arm raised and hand near her head, and her right leg bent. In the background, there is a black and white striped lamp and a large window or mirror reflecting the room.

"I'm not shy about sex at all, and I'm a member of the Mile-High Club. But the most outrageous place I've had sex is in a shopping mall."





"I love the nightlife in Greece, and I dream of traveling to Venice. More accurately, I fantasize about having sex in a gondola."

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. SEE MORE OF MANDY AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



# SCRUM

## SUIT

GETTING TO  
KNOW THE INS  
AND OUTS OF  
**RUGBY** AHEAD  
OF THE **2011**  
**RUGBY WORLD**  
**CUP** IN NEW  
ZEALAND.

BY JOHN BOLSTER



## HEY, NFL FANS—RECENT LABOR WOES GOT YOU DOWN?

Concerned about the very future of your favorite sport, considering the mushrooming problem of head injuries? If you're looking for a suitable full-contact alternative, there's never been a better time to start following rugby.

The seventh edition of the Rugby World Cup launches this September in New Zealand, and for the first time ever, the tournament is being televised in the United States (on the NBC family of networks).

Here's a quick crib note on the competition—and the sport—so you can follow the action at home.

### THE TOURNEY

The tournament starts on September 9 and runs through October 23, when the final kicks off in Auckland. There are 20 teams participating, 12 of which qualified by finishing in the top three in their pools in the 2007 World Cup, and eight of which—including the United States—made it through regional qualifying tournaments.

The teams are grouped into four pools of five teams, and play each team in their pool once.

#### Pool A

Canada, France, Japan, New Zealand, Tonga

#### Pool B

Argentina, England, Georgia, Romania, Scotland

#### Pool C

Australia, Ireland, Italy, Russia, United States

#### Pool D

Fiji, Namibia, Samoa, South Africa, Wales

After four games, the top two teams in each pool advance to the knockout stage, a quarterfinal pitting first-place finishers against second-place finishers from another pool. Venues will be spread across 12 New Zealand cities.

### RUGBY FOR DUMMIES

Many Americans will look at a rugby match and see a mosh pit, but there is actually a fair amount of method to the madness that takes place on the

field, or pitch, as it's known in the rest of the world. Let's look at the basics.

#### Playing surface

A rugby pitch is usually made of grass (though artificial and other surfaces—barring concrete or macadam—are allowed), and cannot exceed 100 meters in length or 70 meters in width. There are "in-goal" areas at either end of the field (think end zones) that may not exceed 22 meters, but are usually longer than 10 meters. (The setup is like an American football field, but more square.)

There are H-shaped goalposts on each goal line, with the horizontal bar resting three meters above the ground.

#### Duration/Scoring

Each game is 80 minutes long, divided into two 40-minute halves. Points are scored by "tries," "conversions," "penalties," and "drop goals."

- Tries are the rugby equivalent of a touchdown, and are worth five points. The ball must be grounded (touched down) in the in-goal area.
- Conversions are rugby's "extra point," except they're worth two points and are kicked from any point straight out on an imaginary line parallel to the sidelines from where the try was scored (the kicker backs up from the point at which the ball was touched down).
- Penalties are worth three points and are essentially field goals awarded at the point of a foul. The kick can be taken from there or any distance behind it, straight back from the referee's mark.
- Drop goals are also worth three

points and can be attempted at any time in the run of play. They are running dropkicks. All kicked scores are like field goals in American football, i.e., the ball must pass through the uprights above the horizontal bar of the goalposts.

#### Number of players

Each team fields 15 players, with eight forwards, aka the "pack" (who are the rough equivalent of linemen and linebackers in American football), and seven "backs" (think quarterbacks, running backs, and skill positions).

#### Rules

Players can carry the ball in their hands or kick it at any time during play, but the ball cannot be passed forward or made to go forward in any fashion other than kicking. If the ball is batted, hit, or passed forward (i.e., not kicked), then the play is called a "knock on," and it's an infraction of the rules. This results in a scrum to the opponent.

You know what the scrum is, right? That's when the players lock shoulders in a mass of bodies and ... go over the rules of the game so everyone's on the same page. We kid, we kid. The scrum is actually a restart mechanism, and involves each team's forwards coming together, locking up shoulder-to-shoulder over the "mark," and trying to "hook" the ball back to their team's side once it's

placed in the space beneath them. "Hooking" is done with the feet, as the arms are locked up with the opponent.

When the ball goes out of bounds, play is restarted by a "lineout," the rough equivalent of a throw-in from soccer, with the added element of the two teams forming two parallel lines and lifting one of their players in an attempt to catch the throw.

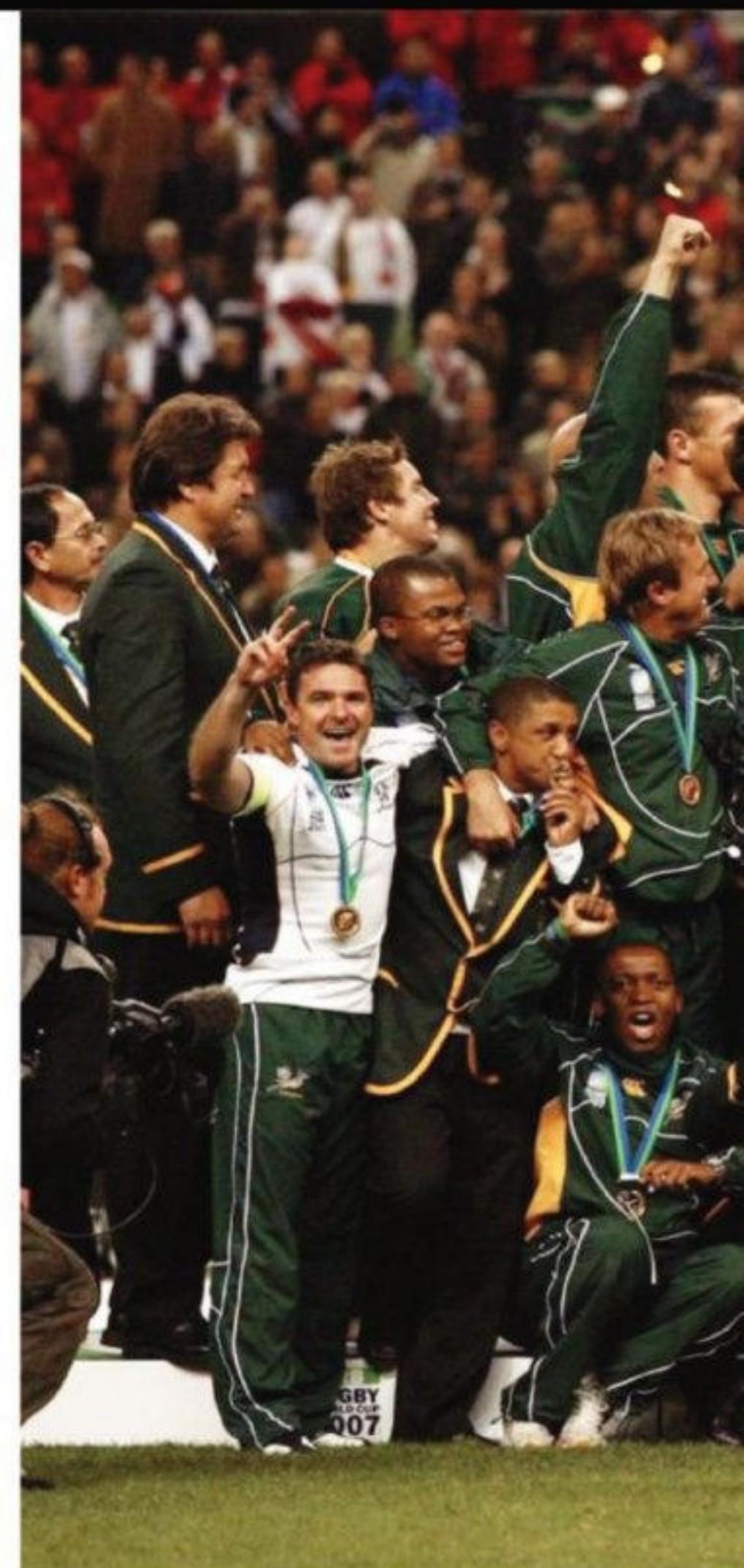
When a foul is called, the team that suffered it has three options:

1. Punt out of bounds and receive a lineout where the ball went out.
2. Take a free kick. The ball only has to be knocked through the mark in this instance. Most teams usually tap the ball over the mark to keep better control of it and restart play quickly.
3. Take a penalty kick at goal (similar to a field goal in American football, but in this instance the defense cannot rush the kicker).

In all three scenarios, the team that committed the foul must back up ten meters from the spot of the infraction.

#### RWC HISTORY

International rugby matches have been played since the late nineteenth century, and the sport was contested at four Summer Olympic Games in the early twentieth century, with the



## GLOBAL EYE CANDY

A little relief from the rough stuff: four hotties from participating RWC nations.

Rugby is often said to be a thug's game played by gentlemen. After a match, those gentlemen are usually eager for the company of a lady to soothe the knocks and dings the game invariably doles out. They could do worse than these four.



**Imogen Bailey** An Aussie with the legal limit of sex appeal packed into a tight five-three frame.



**Pippa Middleton** If England wins, the celebration will dwarf the royal wedding, but with less great ass.



**Clara Morgane** A porn star turned pop star, this French hottie is multitalented.



**Georgina Grenville** Move over Charlize Theron, we have a new favorite South African.



United States—believe it or not—taking gold in the 1920 and '24 Games, in Antwerp and Paris, respectively.

There was talk of creating a Rugby World Cup as far back as the 1950s, but politicking among International Rugby Board (IRB) unions prevented it until 1985, when Australia and New Zealand petitioned the IRB to stage a world championship. Getting a key vote of approval from South Africa—which was barred from all international competition at the time, due to apartheid—the IRB sanctioned the inaugural Cup, in 1987. Australia and New Zealand were cohosts, with the All Blacks of New Zealand winning the first tournament.

The RWC has been staged every four years since. Australia won the 1991 Cup, downing England 12–6 in the final. As famously depicted in the Clint Eastwood film *Invictus*, South Africa hosted, and won, the 1995 tournament. It was the first time the

Springboks participated, following the end of apartheid. They defeated New Zealand in the final, and their captain, Francois Pienaar, accepted the trophy from Nelson Mandela.

Australia nabbed its second RWC in 1999, beating France in the final in Wales. The Wallabies (as Australia's team is known) then hosted the 2003 edition and reached the final, where they were stunned in extra time by England. It was the first time a team from the northern hemisphere had taken the RWC, and it spawned joyous celebrations in England, with an estimated 750,000 fans greeting the winning team on its return to London.

Indeed, the RWC is among the premier international sporting events on the planet, surpassed only by the soccer World Cup, the Summer Olympics, and the Tour de France. The 2007 edition reached a cumulative global television audience of 4.2 billion. That tournament, held in France, was won

by South Africa, which dropped England 15–6 in the final.

## 2011 FAVORITES

So who will win this year's edition? Smart money is on the hosts New Zealand and their neighbors, Australia. As we went to press, they were the top two teams in the IRB world rankings, and the home-field advantage that (essentially) both will have should boost their prospects.

Hard on the heels of the All Blacks and the Wallabies are South Africa, which has appeared in four RWCs and won two, and England, the 2003 champs and winners of the 2011 Six Nations tournament. England defeated Wales, Scotland, Italy, and France before falling to Ireland in their last game of that event, which took place in March. (England won the title because it had the best record in the competition.)

If you're looking for a longer shot, you might want to check the odds on France, a maddeningly inconsistent team that has played in the RWC final twice, and finished in the Top 4 of every tournament but the 1991 edition.

## U.S. PROSPECTS?

Not so much. Despite those early Olympic triumphs, the United States is a minnow in international rugby waters. The Eagles, as the U.S. team is nicknamed, are ranked 16th in the world, just slightly ahead of fellow RWC entrants Tonga, Romania, and Russia, but behind everyone else.

The United States participated in five of the previous six Rugby World Cups, but has produced a grand total of two wins on the world stage, without ever advancing out of pool play. So don't expect any miracles from the U.S. squad—especially considering that it's grouped with favorites Australia, the rugged Men in Green of Ireland, and a competitive Italian side. There is hope for the future, as the sport continues to grow stateside, but look for a four-and-out showing from the Yanks—again—in 2011.

## THE HARDWARE

The Rugby World Cup trophy is named for William Webb Ellis, a student at the Rugby School in the West Midlands of England, who—the story goes— invented the game as a 15-year-old in 1823. The trophy is 38 centimeters high, and made of gilded silver. The Australians call it "Bill." Naturally.

# CHEAT SHEET

All you need to know about the 2011 college-football season in 100 words.

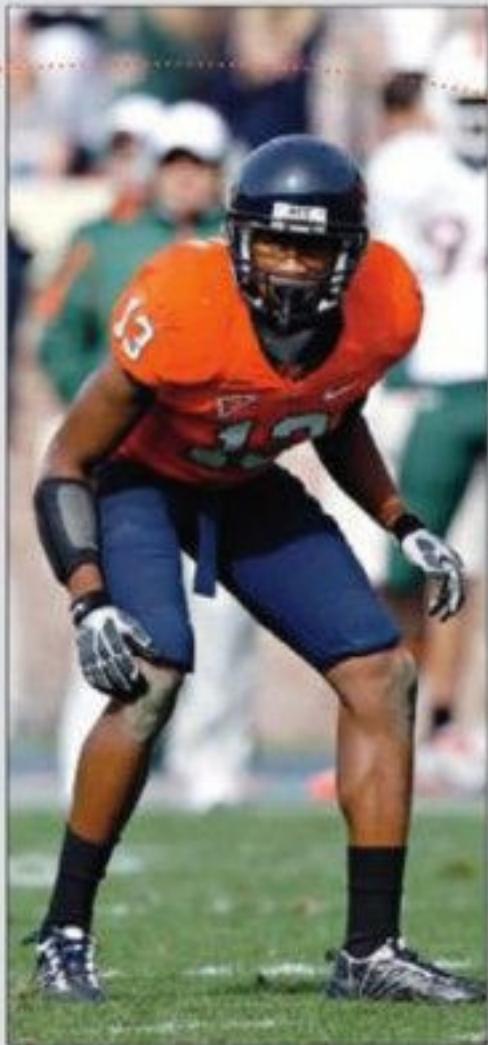
## READY? GO:

Stanford QB **Andrew Luck** will receive more hype and media slobknobbing than Tim Tebow did in his entire college career....Houston's sixth-year senior **Case Keenum** could shatter every single-season passing record....The Oklahoma-Oklahoma State rivalry will soar to new heights, fueled by the nation's two top quarterback/wide receiver duos—**Landry Jones** and **Ryan Broyles** (Oklahoma) and **Brandon Weeden** and **Justin Blackmon** (Oklahoma State)....**John Jenkins**, 345-pound anchor to Georgia's defense, will lead the Dawgs back to respectability....**Nebraska** will win the Big Ten in its first year in the conference....  
**Alabama** will win it all.



# THE OFFSPRING

The college-football nation is peppered with sons of former NFL legends this season. Here are five to watch.



**CHASE MINNIFIELD**  
**Cornerback, Virginia**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (KEENUM) MARK COMON/SPORTS STUDIO PHOTOS/GETTY IMAGES, (JONES) CHRISTIAN PETERSEN/GETTY IMAGES (BROYLES) AARON M. SPRECHER/GETTY IMAGES, (WEEDEN) JACKSON LAZURE/GETTY IMAGES, (BLACKMON) SCOTT BOEHM/GETTY IMAGES, (TOON) STEPHEN DUNN/GETTY IMAGES, (JEFFCOAT) JOHN RIVERA/ICON SMI, (MONTANA) JESSE BEALS/ICON SMI



**ANDREW LUCK**  
**Quarterback, Stanford**

Frank Minnifield was a four-time Pro Bowler for the Cleveland Browns in the eighties and nineties. His son—a six-foot, 190-pound cover corner—could end up being an even better pro. A first-team All-ACC selection in 2010, Minnifield shocked the NFL draft pundits by opting to return to Charlottesville for his senior year. He's one of the reasons many experts made the University of Virginia a sleeper pick out of the ACC this season.



**NICK TOON**  
**Wide receiver, Wisconsin**

Luck was a 2010 Heisman Trophy runner-up, a Maxwell Award finalist, and the Orange Bowl MVP. (He was also coaledictorian at Stratford High School in Houston.) He would have been the first overall pick of the 2011 NFL draft, but instead of leaving school early (he's still only a junior), Luck brought joy to the Stanford faithful by remaining in Palo Alto for another year. His pops, former Houston Oilers quarterback Oliver Luck, is the athletic director at West Virginia University.



**JACKSON JEFFCOAT**  
**Defensive lineman, Texas**

When Al Toon left Wisconsin for the NFL in 1985, he held just about every Badgers receiving record. His son enters his senior season in 2011 within striking distance of each of his father's marks. An eight-year NFL veteran with the Jets, Al Toon was a tough son of a bitch. His kid, naturally, is of the same mold, even if his name sounds like a children's cable-TV channel.



**NICK MONTANA**  
**Quarterback, Washington**

Jim Jeffcoat played 15 seasons in the NFL, winning two Super Bowls with the Cowboys, and served on the Dallas coaching staff for seven years after his retirement (five of those years as the defensive-ends coach). He's one of the greatest defensive linemen ever to suit up in Big D, and his son has been the buzz of Texas football fans since he was in sixth grade. Now a sophomore at the University of Texas, the younger Jeffcoat has a chance to do something his father never did—earn first-team All-America honors.

# Keeping the PEACE in Vegas

How security guards maintain order when the "What happens in Vegas..." crowd descends on the Strip.

By Tom O'Connell  
Illustrations by Jon Proctor

You see the couple over there at the bar? They're from, let's say, Ypsilanti, Michigan, but here in Vegas, as many visitors understand it, anything goes. This duo is dressed for excess: she in hooker heels and he in an expensive-looking collared shirt with chest hair peeking out from under the gaudy gold chain around his neck. They don't dress like this in Michigan. But they obviously get *Jersey Shore*. This is a big trip for them. Trouble is, at this point they've already peaked. You can tell they're fairly fucked up. Look how she's laughing hysterically every few seconds, while he's starting to get a little aggressive with the bartender.

At some moment down the line, one of them is going to get pissed off at the other for some perceived slight.

Then someone will start screaming and swinging. That's when the guys in uniform who aren't actually the police get called.

The free spectacles are part of the draw and all of the burden of working security on the Vegas Strip. You have a front-row seat to the show, but you seldom witness the best side of people. Instead, every single day you answer a call for domestic battery (which usually involves the woman flailing at the man), or contend with legions of zombie drunks causing various dustups, or deal with a paranoid case who's done too much coke and trashed his suite. Other times, it's a naked young lady wandering the hallways who was probably roofied the night before and woke up in a stranger's room. And then there's the constant stream of bloody fights and suicides. Most of it is—surprise!—alcohol- or drug-related.

"The biggest challenge we have is being rational with people who are in an irrational state," says Big Mike (all names have been changed), a

security guard and EMT for one of the major casino hotels on the Strip. Big Mike is a former biker who's built like a bulldog and radiates a complete no-nonsense policy.

As charming and clever as many hard-core partiers fancy themselves to be at midnight in this town, many of them end up in the service elevator covered in their own puke, unable to be roused. And if they can be roused, they likely won't know what day it is, what city they're in, which hotel they're staying at, or what their name is. Whatever sort of douche-baggery a person can get up to, the not-quite-police in the official-looking uniforms have witnessed it.

"Every single night you get people who don't know their own name or other basic information," says Mike. "It's 1970, they're in Pasadena, Nixon's president. It's annoying as shit. It requires a lot of patience to deal with

**WELCOME**  
TO Fabulous  
**LAS VEGAS**  
NEVADA

CASIN

SECURIT





somebody under the influence. You might find a moment when they're lucid, they might just snap out of it for a second, and you try to take advantage of that time."

Sin City has not been immune to the recession that began a few years ago. Hotels have cut room prices and airlines have slashed fares in order to drum up business—two developments that have changed everything about Vegas, according to the security guys who spoke with *Penthouse*.

"When a hotel is charging up to \$400 a night per room, you get a certain quality of people who visit," says Mike. "Now, as rates have dropped to a hundred and change, instead of getting the upper-middle-class couple, you get ten twentysomethings from California, all chipping in ten bucks for a room."

"It's become a five-star service for three-star guests," agrees Dapper Don, an elegant bastard in a spotless pressed uniform who has a vaguely European accent by way of Weehawken, New Jersey. Don is not your typical pituitary case earnestly shopping for a reason to punch your lights out, and that quality comes in handy because restraint is the name of the security game now that it has essentially become a customer-service position. The guests, who are quick to lodge a complaint or even sue, are keenly aware of this turn. "The clients are more irate and agitated and don't give a shit about anything," says Don. "Your opinion doesn't matter. You're just here to serve them."

**The reality, according to the guards we spoke to, is more *Leaving Las Vegas* than *The Hangover*. Suicide scenes are more common than goofy high jinks.**

God forbid they have to wear a shirt in the casino, or I have to ask for their ID."

"The frequency of the calls has gone up—fights, passed-out drunks, medical response—because of the type of people coming," Big Mike tells us. "They're not as respectful to the property and the employees. They're really not here to gamble; they come because it's so cheap. The whole atmosphere has changed."

Gone are the days when couples dressed for dinner and a show before hitting the tables, or ordered lavish room-service spreads. Now, says Mike, you see obese Midwesterners bringing back McDonald's bags and drugstore snacks to their rooms. Instead of tips of \$5 or more, employees get a dollar, or no tip at all. The high rollers have left the building.

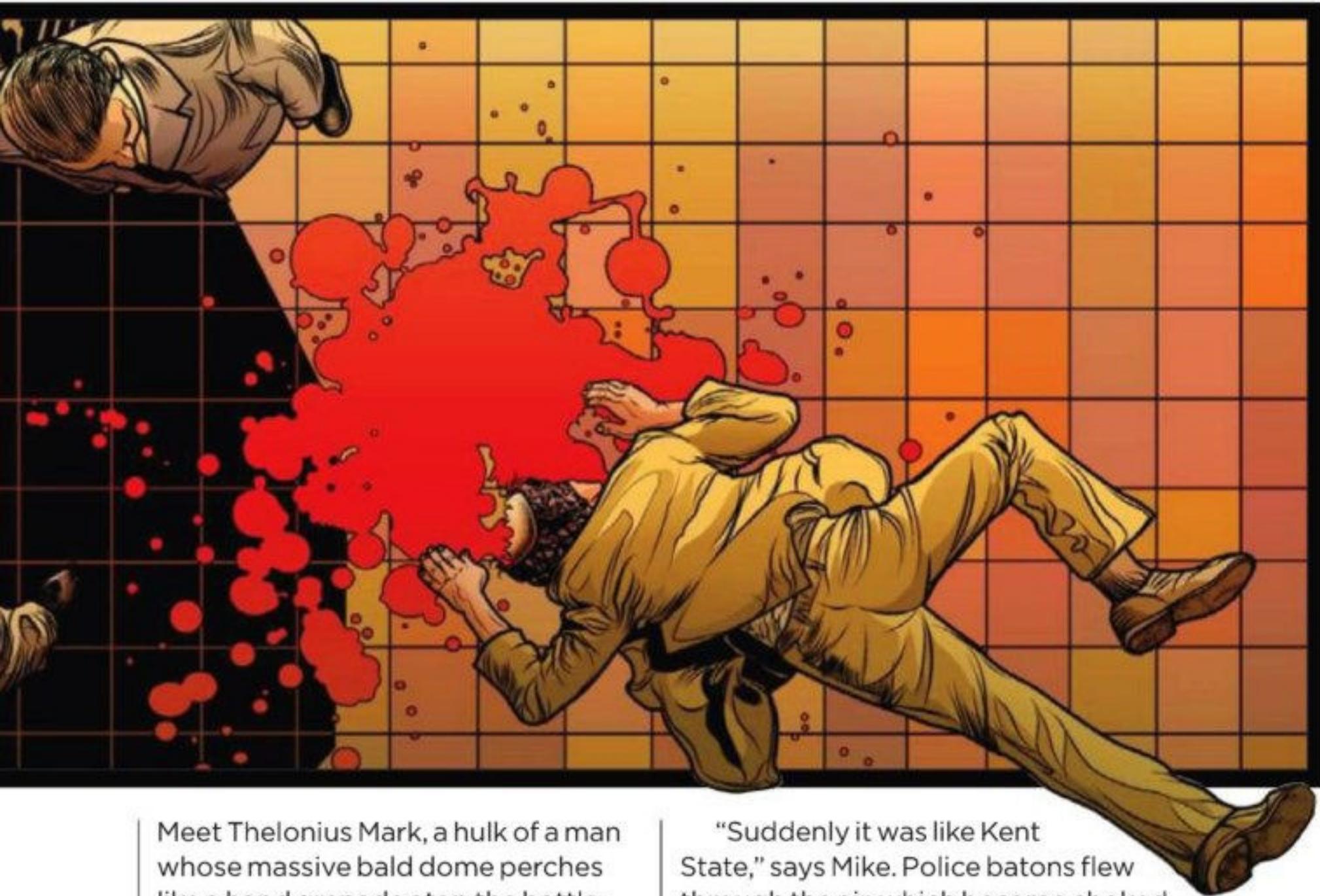
Of course, working security in Vegas has never been uneventful. On

Mike's first night on the job a few years ago, he got called to the casino's nightclub for a guest in distress. She'd had only a couple of cocktails, but was feeling strange, and had approached security for help. Turns out somebody had slipped her some GHB, a date-rape drug—common practice at Vegas clubs, according to Mike.

"About ten seconds before I was on scene, she collapsed and stopped breathing, and that's how I found her," he says. "That was literally my welcome to the casino industry."

Another story that stands out for Mike is the time he responded to a call in a hotel room and found a gentleman with a huge dildo lodged in his ass. Mike called paramedics, who put the fellow facedown on a gurney. He had a small tent pitched over his backside as they wheeled him through the casino. That story probably stayed in Vegas.

"That was one of those *Wow, what kind of environment am I working in?* moments," says Mike.



Meet Thelonious Mark, a hulk of a man whose massive bald dome perches like a hand grenade atop the battle-scarred Abrams tank that is his body. He could be a rugby player or an extra from *Braveheart*, and he admits that he doesn't mind the occasional fracas. "It's fun; it's hilarious," he says of the times the job becomes a full-contact sport. "It's not so fun when you've got a transient covered in shit."

Mark's partner in grime is Raging Reginald, a former white-collar professional who changed careers to get in on the Strip action. He describes the time they were chasing down a pair of gypsies. One reached under her skirt for something. *Gun? Knife?* Not quite: It was an industrial-size tampon—and it was fully loaded, so to speak. "She pulled it out and swung it around like a lasso. It made this slimy sound," says Reginald, who had to dodge the messy missile.

But what gets these guys' blood pumping most is when the fists start flying. When you add alcohol and drugs to an already chaotic and testosterone-heavy environment, misunderstandings will follow and tempers will run hot. Mike describes one recent brawl in which two guys were ejected from the casino nightclub. They picked it back up with their crews outside, facing off near the valet stand. When the melee among 20 or 30 muscleheads really took off, the Metro cops arrived.

"Suddenly it was like Kent State," says Mike. Police batons flew through the air, which became choked with pepper spray as bystanders ran for cover. Just another night working security in America's neon fantasyland.

Another source of trouble for visitors is their set of preconceived notions, fed by pop culture, about Vegas. After *The Hangover* came out, for example, "people started going ape-shit," says Reginald. "Trying to steal cars.... We had one guy steal a street sweeper, take it into the guest garage, and do \$15,000 in damage."

Mark agrees: "You're not going to get Mike Tyson's tiger, and you're not going to get to the roof of any of the properties, which are all highly secured. Everybody wants to be a part of the Vegas scene, and they feel like they can go above and beyond, and that's when they get into trouble."

The reality, according to the guards we spoke to, is more *Leaving Las Vegas* than *The Hangover*. Suicide scenes are more common than goofy high jinks. Big Mike talks of a recent episode that some associates at another casino investigated. A guy who was despondent over his gambling debts, which he'd tried to pay off by embezzling from his company, checked in to the hotel, had one last hurrah, and then jumped from the parking garage. In a video that captured it, you see the body bounce a few feet, and then, according to Mike, "This guy's brain shoots out of his head like a cannon, clear across the street."

Didn't see anything like that in *The Hangover*.

## "Where the Hookers at?"

If you're looking to hook up with a pro in Vegas, play it safe and smart, or not at all.

Guests are always "jokingly" asking staff, "Hey, man, where the hookers at?" says one security guard, Raging Reginald. He knows they aren't really joking. They're a long way from Kansas, and think they're ready to take a walk on the wild side. If you do get involved with a hooker, you're likely to get burned one way or another, especially when the economy is on a downturn like it has been.

"When business gets slow, they're always robbing people," says Thelonious Mark. "It wouldn't be a big deal if they just came in and did their job and left, but they will rob you blind. A lot of hookers don't even get you to agree on a dollar amount when they're taking you up to your room. You think you're getting lucky with a cute girl, and then as soon as you fall asleep or get in the shower, she'll grab your stuff and run. And they will literally grab it and run, right out the casino doors, as fast as they can."

"I'd rather take on a Samoan than a hooker who's in fear of going to jail," says Dapper Don, who goes on to talk about the time he saw a hooker begrudgingly pull \$5,000 in small bills out of her snatch during an investigation.

If you're determined to "hook" up, the guys agree: Get a reference. That is, use a service that a friend has used without any hassles. The last thing you want during your dream vacation is to get robbed and beaten by a hooker and her shitbag "boyfriend"—an all-too-common scenario on the Strip.

Another option, of course, is to take a trip to a licensed brothel outside Vegas, in rural Nevada, where prostitution is legal.

# CONFessions

A Penthouse publicist spends a lot of time talking to the Pets about love and sex—in cars, at airports, while stuck in hotel rooms—and would never give up those secrets.

The new book *Confessions of the Hundred Hottest Porn Stars* is the next best thing.

**By Lainie Speiser**

**M**y favorite porn stars have always been the so-called "sex addicts" or "nymphos." They love their jobs and feel truly happy and lucky to have found a vocation that allows them to do what they do best.

For me, whether sex addiction really exists is up for debate, but I ask you this: If you have loved baseball since the day you were born and wanted to do nothing but play baseball night and day, and became a famous baseball player, would anyone think that you had a problem? I rest my case.

This is a book about sex, but it's also a book about some extraordinary people who believe in truly seizing the moment and living their lives to the absolute fullest. You'll be riveted by their spirit and sense of adventure.

From *Confessions of the Hundred Hottest Porn Stars* by Lainie Speiser, published by Quiver Books.

October 2007 Pet of the Month

## LUX KASSIDY

**“**What my boyfriend really likes is when I bring a hot woman home for both of us to share. Some of the girls go home that same night, but some have stayed with me for a whole weekend. What I'm doing now is looking for a cool girlfriend to have on the side. My favorite type of girl has a nice ass and a nice body; that is very important to me. I like all kinds of women otherwise—blondes, brunettes, redheads, Asians.

**“I love doing sex scenes where I’m being aggressive and throwing girls around.”** I did this scene with Celeste Star and Jamie Rose where I was a martial-arts instructor and was being rough and bossy, which led to some really hot sex.”



2011 Pet of the Year Runner-Up  
**RYAN KEELY**

**“**I had sex with five strippers at once in Las Vegas, and they were all blondes. We were partying in a suite and it just happened, as things do there. My jaw hurt the entire next day—I mean some serious TMJ. But I'm a giver and a pleaser and it was worth it. **In the pile of pussy, I'd spot a crotch I hadn't licked yet and dive in.** I'm the best person to have in a group-sex situation. I'm like Octopussy because I'm so multiorgasmic.”

Ryan (right) with Giselle



July 2010 Pet of the Month  
**LELA STAR**

**“**I have an obsession with girls' panties. I don't personally wear panties, but I have this thing for stealing the panties of hot girlfriends of mine. And I steal used panties. It turns me on. **I'll steal a pair of used panties and walk around the house wearing them**, and then I put them away in a drawer like a prize or a trophy.”

Lela with Celeste Star



2003 Pet of the Year

**SUNNY LEONE**

**“** My boyfriend and partner, Daniel Weber, and I were in Miami for the porn convention Exotica, and Jenna Haze kept hitting on me. For three days straight! I had not had sex with another girl off-camera for three years. So after three days and three nights of her hitting on me, I went to my hotel room and asked Daniel if I could have sex with Jenna. Daniel said, ‘Go have fun. I want you to, and I know you want to do it.’ I was in shock, because he has never said that and I wondered whether it was a trick. But Daniel took me to the bathroom, washed me, brushed my teeth, and really pampered me. On my way out he gave me my room key and cellphone and said, ‘Have a good time and make sure no boys are in there.’

“I went to Jenna’s room and she was there with Joanna Angel. **We ended up, the three of us, having sex, and lots of it. The really dirty kind.** And when I got back to my room, Daniel was standing right outside the door and said, ‘Are you okay? The whole floor heard you guys!’ Daniel said people walking by had stopped at Jenna’s door to listen. Three porn-star girls doing each other. Well, that’s bound to get loud.”

Sunny (lower left) with  
Melissa Jacobs and  
Prinzzess

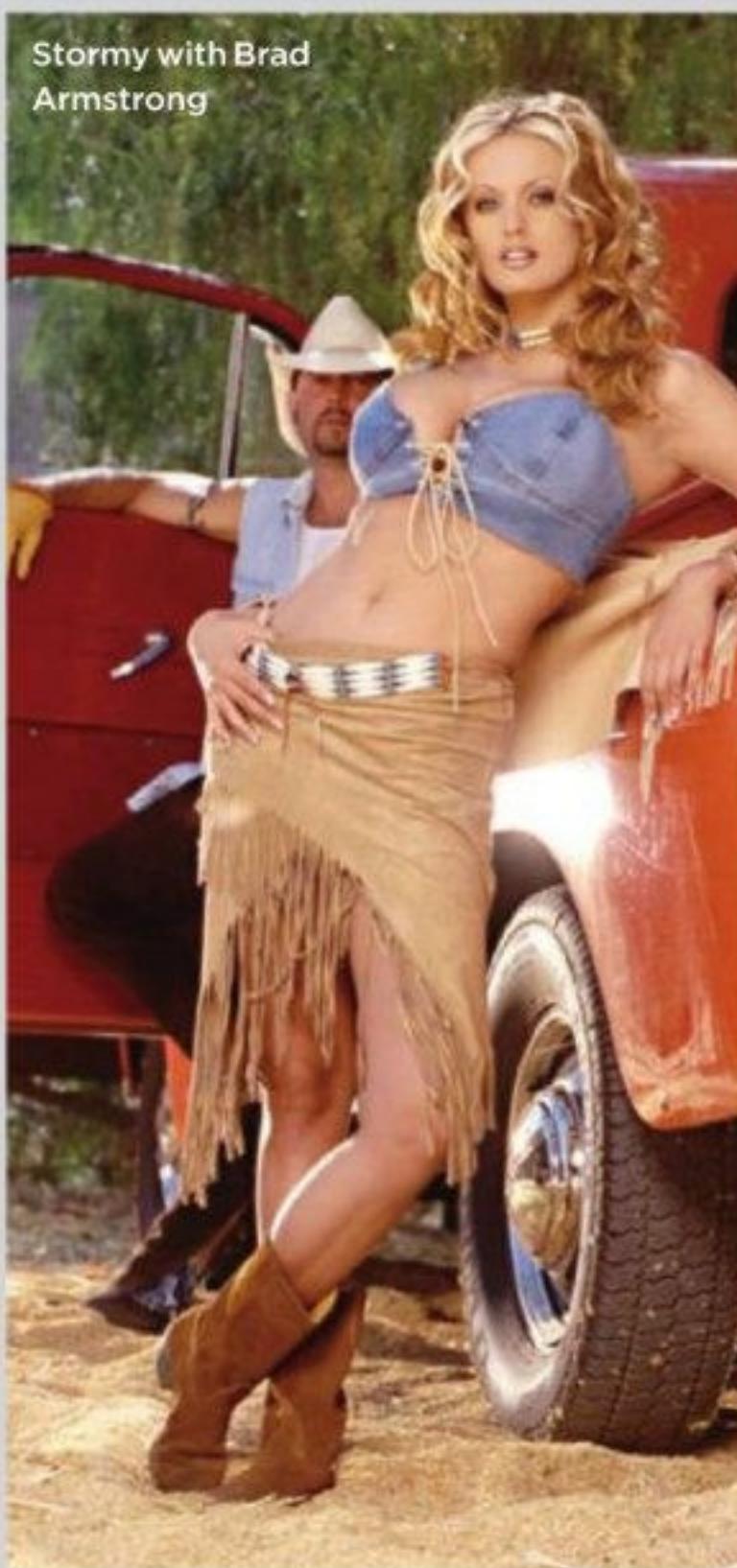


February 2007 Pet of the Month

**STORMY DANIELS**

**“** I will not do anything on-camera that I have not done off-camera and enjoyed. I love the scene I did for *Operation Tropical Stormy* with Marcus London and Tony DeSergio. It was a fantasy of mine to be with two men, and it finally came true. **When the crew tells you that you make them uncomfortable because you made them feel like they were intruding, you know it was a very hot scene.** I think it would be hot to be double-penetrated by two firemen.”

Stormy with Brad Armstrong





2011 Pet of the Year

## NIKKI BENZ

**“The one thing I’ve mastered since being in porn is the blowjob.** And obviously I’ve gotten a lot of practice, so I call myself a ‘dickspert’ now! I like to make them sloppy. I start slow and let the dick enjoy the heat in my mouth. **Men really love just feeling a warm, wet mouth. And always pay attention to the balls**—hold them, lick them, and make sure to hydrate and drink water so you can keep it nice and wet. Men like their blowjobs sloppy and wet.”

Nikki with Seth Gamble



December 2010 Pet of the Month

## SABRINA MAREE

**“Cyrus King is incredible in bed. He doesn’t have a huge dick, but he makes up for it in other ways. His hands are always going—he’s always touching, always licking—and he drives me crazy. He tells women outside the industry that he’s a mainstream actor; he doesn’t want people to know what he does, which is a shame because he’s very good.”**

“I’ve had threesomes with two guys. I don’t do anything like double penetration, but if the guys are comfortable and friendly, it’s cool. I was living in Sacramento, downtown by the bars. I was hanging with my friends and my boyfriend, and we went back to my place. Eventually everyone left—we thought. But my friend Greg was in the bathroom, and we were in our bedroom with the door open and our clothes off. I heard Greg say, ‘Where are you guys? What are you doing?’ **My boyfriend turned around and saw him and said, ‘Either join in or close the door.’** I had one on each end, rubbing and being really sensual. It was amazing.”



## TIE ME UP, TIE ME DOWN

CineKink, the Kinky Film Festival, is for lovers of independent film and kinky sex. The eighth annual New York City-based alternative film festival showcased everything from sexy shorts to freaky full-length features, and included a closing-night awards ceremony and an after party for mingling (or swinging) kinksters. According to one lucky festivalgoer, "CineKink got me laid!" And this year, the kink-friendly fest could be traveling to a city near you.

Founder Lisa Vandever says the films "push conventional sexual boundaries" while being "sex-positive," which means there is no judgment when it comes to subjects as varied as balloons, bondage, and sex with sheep.

The fest's fare included the film *An Open Invitation: A Real Swinger's Party*, an interesting hybrid of documentary/reality show/porn movie. Director Ilana Rothman tells the story of a "vanilla" suburban married couple that meets another married couple and takes a walk on the wild side. The film culminates in a real-life swingers party in San Francisco, shot documentary-style and introducing the local swingers, who are, by the way, great-looking for a change. The movie features 127 authentic members of San Francisco's polyamorous swinging scene, along with 15 porn stars, including *Penthouse* model India Summer. The action is hot and explicit, featuring orgies, voyeurism, anal sex, and acrobatic positions.

*S&M Judge*, a Belgian film directed by Erik Lamens, is based on a true 1997 scandal. A judge hesitantly explores the hard-core fetish lifestyle at the request of his masochistic wife, attempting to salvage his 30-year marriage. He's arrested and put on trial after a police sting, but defends his right to explore his wife's sexual fantasies, despite the risk to his career.

This year's winning film, *Indietro*, directed by Vivian Darkbloom, is about a suburban couple that explores the darkest corners of their psyches and desires with another pair, a king and queen of kink, and their housemaid. Someone might find herself in a cage down in the basement for some "hard-core housework." The sex is authentic, not simulated, and one of the actresses was pregnant during filming.

The traveling festival, and its after parties, makes stops this summer in cities all over the United States. The multicity tour begins in Portland, Oregon, on August 7, and travels to Las Vegas, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Chicago, Boston, and Washington, D.C. For more details, visit [CineKink.com](http://CineKink.com). —Anka Radakovich

Linda McClung



# Top-Heavy

The Big Book of Breasts, originally published in 2007, is a stunning, oversize art book full of delicious photos of bountiful bosoms. How could it be improved? Only with science.

By Christine Colby

Now that 3-D technology is good enough, cutting-edge art-book publisher Taschen is rereleasing its Big Body Parts series, including *The Big Book of Breasts*, from editor Dian Hanson. The 3-D that's been used here is more modern than you may have seen before. The images don't have those distorting red and blue lines on them, and actually look pretty normal without the aid of the glasses (special tortoiseshell-looking ones, by the way). Viewed through the 3-D lenses, the photographs are stunning, with lush curves that jump right out at you and beg to be stroked. To achieve the

impressive effect, Taschen worked with the Brain Factory, a Los Angeles outfit that specializes in 3-D work and has collaborated with spooky filmmaker Tim Burton.

The images in *The Big Book of Breasts*—which contains 90 photos from the first edition, and 18 brand-new shots—have the feel of 1960s amateur nudie-cuties, with the ample-bosomed vixens showcasing their assets in wood-paneled rumpus rooms while wearing heavy eyeliner and impressive hairdo's.

But the best part may be the low price—only \$39.99—20 bucks less than the non-3-D version.

Virginia Bell



Suzanne Pritchard  
and Ann Day



Model unknown



ILLUSTRATION COURTESY OF A.R.S./YESGIRLS

# C-NOTES

*Six other things you should never say to a woman.*

By Paul Stevens

I am sure some people still hold on to Cookie Monster's belief that C is for cookie, but among red-blooded American men, C is all about cunt—erotic, fuckable cunt. Of course, all men know that using that word out of bed (and frequently even in bed) restricts their access to the Promised Land. Here are a few other things to avoid with the opposite sex.

## ■ ANY AND ALL VARIATIONS ON THE WORDS “CUNT,” “WHORE,” OR “SKANK”

The first thing to remember is that women either see or want to see themselves as people of value—even the sluttiest ones. Don't call a woman anything that emphasizes or equates her to her dirtiest part. “MILF” and “cougar” are words that women have come to own with pride, but you should assume that only a professional will be okay with being called a ho, unless she's really into roleplaying.

## ■ PHRASES LIKE “FUGLY”

This was once one of those words that the secret society of males kept to itself, like “butterface” and “beef curtains.” Then the internet came along and every woman and her MILF-y cougar of a mother knows our little secrets. Never let a woman you want to fuck hear you using these terms to talk about any girl.

## ■ COMPARISON SHOPPING

Don't compare a woman to any other woman in a way that suggests her tits, ass, pussy, face, or whatever are not as good as the other girl's. If you see a 21-year-old hottie walk into the bar and the girl you're working on hears you say, “Damn, those tits defy gravity!” she's thinking, *Why don't you just fuck her then?* That girl you actually had a chance of going home with probably has boobs you'd be perfectly happy with, but you've made her think that you see them as imperfect.

And never compare any woman to her sister, mother, or friends in any way that's not unflattering to the other girl.

## ■ THE “EATING AT THE Y” HAND GESTURE

You know the one: You make a “V” with your fingers and put your tongue between them. Fucking hilarious! You're laughing your ass off. Well, this is the definitive proof that men view things differently than women. We all know that males of all ages think farts are funny. And yes, some women secretly do, too. But no woman likes that V-tongue thing. It does not get any woman's panties wet by subtly implanting the image in her mind of being eaten out by you—no matter how long your tongue is. The only thing licking your finger crotch will accomplish is to make her think you're an ass. Do your cock a favor and retire the gesture.

## ■ JOKES ABOUT SMELLING SEAFOOD

If your face is in the vicinity of her vagina, avoid the word “fish.” Women are nervous enough that their pussies have a smell—any smell. A true pussy connoisseur knows that almost every cooch has its own wonderful, mouthwatering aroma, but women don't like even the hint of a joke suggesting they smell anything other than fresh.

## ■ SAYING SHE NEEDS TO DO SOME KEGELS

Men who love pussy like them tight. Well, so do women. The last thing a chick wants is to think that her pussy has been stretched and damaged. Think of it this way: Remember how much you love your car, even though now it's beaten up? The last thing you want is to be reminded that your car isn't new anymore, right? It's your baby and you love it anyway. But when you pick up your girlfriend for the first time in your old beater and she gives you that frown, it's crushing. You can bet that's how your girl will feel if you imply in any way that she's not tight enough. Tell her anything else. If you want to keep it simple, just say she feels great. You're getting laid, right? No matter what, that feels good. 

# FROM BOOTS TO BUSINESS SUITS

Military lessons from the deserts of the Middle East can translate into a flourishing civilian reinvention on Main Street, U.S.A.

By Peter Laufer





# W

## ARRIORS ARE COMING HOME

from fighting in Afghanistan and Iraq to a struggling American economy. Unemployment rates remain high, and underemployment plagues workers across the country. Some soldiers mustering out of the military into this weak job market see the risks and potential rewards of starting their own businesses as a more intriguing option than joining the long list of applicants for the few jobs that are available.

There are at least two good reasons for veterans to consider starting a small business. One is the help that government, business, and academic communities offer vets who decide to take a risk with a start-up business enter-

prise. The other is experience: Many skills learned in the military translate well into the business world, giving ex-soldiers a potential advantage over their civilian competitors.

"There's something about military service that builds entrepreneurial skills," says William Elmore, who heads up the Veterans Business Development office at the Small Business Administration (SBA). "The skills, the ethos, the history, and the family support that go with military service are the reasons why these men and women do so well after service when it comes to entrepreneurship."

Elmore cites a litany of specific military experiences compatible with business success, starting

with the personal discipline required of soldiers. Military training—from the strictly physical to the highly technical—teaches future business leaders the importance of continuing education. In the uniformed services, troops learn the value of teamwork, a lesson required for any commercial enterprise. Of critical importance for business managers is the ability to make strategic decisions and to accept accountability for those decisions; both are skills that can come out of years in the service. Last on Elmore's list is mission accomplishment: Establishing a goal and focusing on the route to achieve it are basic points in a standard business plan.

Elmore speaks from experience. A Vietnam War-era Air Force vet himself, he came home to build his own business before joining the SBA. His office helps vets navigate the often-complex rules and regulations en route from an SBA application to obtaining a federal small-business loan.

In addition to the SBA, many other organizations exist to help teach vets the ins and outs of not just starting a business, but also keeping one going and making it thrive. And vets are eligible for help starting and buying businesses that is not available to their civilian competitors. One of those opportunities is the Entrepreneurship Bootcamp for Veterans With Disabilities, which started at Syracuse University and has expanded to half a dozen other universities around the country. Funded in large part by the SBA,



the boot camps teach vets with business ideas how to hone their business models, launch a business, and market their products.

"The finest entrepreneurial training anywhere in the world" is how Elmore characterizes the

Above: Bootcamp Class of 2007. Below and previous spread: Department of Labor Job Fair for Veterans at U.S.S. Intrepid, September 2009

# TIP OF THE ARROW

**ALTHOUGH THE NATIONAL UNEMPLOYMENT RATE HAS BEEN SLOWLY FALLING**, newly demobilized Iraq and Afghanistan veterans are still facing hard times. In fact, there are as many jobless young veterans as there are troops currently deployed in the Middle East—veterans in their early twenties face an unemployment rate of up to 27 percent—and their job searches are often as challenging as their deployments had been. That's where Tip of the Arrow comes in.

Founded by Carl Blum, who has 32 years of experience running an employment agency, and Bob Deissig, a highly decorated Vietnam vet, Tip of the Arrow offers free one-on-one job assistance to returning troops, especially our "citizen soldiers"—members of the National Guard and Army Reserves. "Those soldiers face multiple tours, and that ends up destroying their families, destroying their lives, and making employment difficult," Blum explains. "Employers use many tricks to avoid hiring these men and women—even though it's against the law—because they know they're going to get called up."

Blum was inspired to start the organization after reading about a soldier who'd re-enlisted after having no luck finding work as a civilian, only to be killed serving overseas. "The military pays better than a civilian job would, especially for a high school-educated person, and the bulk of the military is made up of such men and women," Blum says. "Particularly in the National Guard and Reserves, soldiers re-up because they can't afford to feed their families otherwise."

Tip of the Arrow attempts to keep soldiers from re-enlisting out of desperation, and tries to show them there's more they can do if they know how to network and sell themselves. Justin Tressler, for example, who returned from a yearlong deployment in 2009, says learning how to market himself to potential employers was the most beneficial part of working with Tip of the Arrow.

"I learned to list the aspects of my job that people don't necessarily associate with being in the infantry," Tressler states. "I did security for our company command while

overseas, so personal-security experience is there. I have a high attention to detail, willingness to work odd hours. These are the kinds of things people would probably overlook unless told to look for them."

Tressler's problem is common among veterans looking to return to the civilian job force. In addition to having been away for months on end, many soldiers are not sure how to translate their military experience into terms their potential employers can easily understand. "Much of the military talks in acronyms," Deissig says. "You have to get the soldiers away from that and make them explain what things mean."

But it's not just the technical jargon that causes communication problems, as Blum explains. "We're working with a sniper now who's been applying for police jobs," Blum says, "and part of the interview process includes a psychological evaluation. When he was asked what his job was while serving in Iraq, he told the psychologist that he was supposed to 'terminate the enemy.' It cost him the job. We had to teach him that he'd done more than fight. We had to point out that he'd been there to gather intelligence and build a relationship with the community, too. Combat was only a small part of his job."

"The civilian population doesn't understand what soldiers are capable of," agrees Matt Selvage, a veteran from the Army National Guard. "Without a little bit of practice and maybe some guidance, soldiers aren't very good at communicating what they can do. And for the most part, they can do anything they put their minds to. But that experience doesn't translate without practice."

Some companies, however, have learned the value of having veterans on staff. Jeff



experience vets get at the boot camps. "We believe they've earned that opportunity," he says. In addition, Elmore figures that supporting vets in the business community is a good return on the investment America already made in training them as soldiers. "We've invested billions of dollars in recruiting, training, deploying, and, in some instances, injuring these men and women. The idea of accelerating their ability to achieve economic success when they come home is not only good for them and their families; it's good for our communities and our country." It makes sense, he says, to invest in them one more time, especially because they are so motivated to succeed.

Hundreds of vets have profited from the boot-camp program since it started in 2007, and their testimonials are poignant examples of the arduous route—as the Syracuse University's Whitman School of Management calls it—"from boots to business suits."

"Being an entrepreneur," says boot-camp graduate Chris Cancialosi, in a quote on the Entrepreneurship Bootcamp for Veterans (EBV) website, "means that I have an opportunity to control my destiny, to make a difference in the world my own way."

In another testimony on the site, graduate Brian Iglesias says, "Entrepreneurship is what makes America great. Having the freedom and opportunity to follow a dream is why we serve our country."

The boot camps are only one of a packed menu of SBA programs designed specifically to help returning veterans, and veterans already are a significant factor in business: Government figures report that more than 12 million vets are in the overall U.S. labor force, and almost a third of those working vets own small businesses or are self-employed—quite a sizable percentage that seems to reinforce the idea that vets are well-suited to entrepreneurship.

Those numbers do not surprise Elmore. As he explains, "Veterans have been exposed to things that others have not. They are trained with certain skills that others may not have. They've been deployed around the world, so they've seen the real world. They understand how fortunate we are as Americans."

The boot camps are open to all post-September 11 vets with a service-related disability; no college experience is required. Vets accepted into the program receive an all-expenses-paid education, including travel to the school where they'll study, as well as room and board.

Further details and an application form can be found at [Whitman.syr.edu/ebv](http://Whitman.syr.edu/ebv), and much more information and assistance is available from the Office of Veterans Business Development at the Small Business Administration at [SBA.gov/About-Offices-Content/1/2985.0#](http://SBA.gov/About-Offices-Content/1/2985.0#).



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY (PREVIOUS PAGE AND LEFT) MARIO TAMA/GETTY IMAGES

McFeeley, a regional manager for Comcast, has hired nearly 30 candidates sent to him by Tip of the Arrow. "Military folks have some natural skill sets that we look for at Comcast," McFeeley explains. "They all come with some technical training, whether it be specifically in electronics or any number of other fields. In addition, they come with some great intangible skill sets. They're extremely dependable, they're hardworking, and they're motivated."

But being a veteran can be a double-edged sword during the job hunt, Iraq veteran Paul Peng says. "On paper, employers should favor them because of their experience and discipline, but when they have combat experience, it carries certain negative stereotypes as well."

McFeeley says that these are not valid concerns. "First and foremost, hiring veterans is the right thing to do," he says. "These are folks who are overseas defending the United States, and when they come back and are looking for employment, it's only proper that we consider them for openings."

For many soldiers, the problem doesn't always seem to be caused by a lack of available resources, but by their own absence. "It's easy to forget about people when they're not right in front of you," Tressler says. "I don't want to say our country forgets about the vets, but [people] don't necessarily go out of their way to help them, either, and coming back can be a daunting task." What soldiers need, he says, is someone to guide and encourage them, especially because it takes so much for the average soldier to ask for help.

It's common, Selvage agrees, for soldiers to put off asking for help, particularly during

the job hunt. They feel, he says, that as grown men and women they should be able to handle such a task on their own. He admits that he was once skeptical of asking for help himself, and that it wasn't until he found out a soldier he'd deployed with was working with Tip of the Arrow that he decided to give it a try. "Now, my first piece of advice to the guys in my unit is, 'Here's Carl Blum's number. Here's his email address. Contact him. He will help you,'" Selvage says. (See info below.)

The assistance Tip of the Arrow offers benefits not just the soldiers, but the companies they partner with as well. For McFeeley and Comcast, the work Tip of the Arrow puts in with the soldiers helps them fill more positions with veterans, something they're committed to throughout all levels of the corporation. "We give them feedback on where folks fall short and what they need to work on, and they take it back to the troops to help them improve, and it's worked really well," McFeeley says. "Their candidates are coming to us highly prepared for the interview, professional, with well-written résumés, and they're ready to work."

Blum and Deissig's dedication hasn't gone unnoticed by the men and women who come to them seeking job assistance, either. "They're probably the most enthusiastic people I've ever run into outside of high school cheerleaders," says Tressler. "They'll put a stool under your ass whenever you're feeling kicked to the ground, they'll pick you up, dust you off, and set you back on your course. And they *will* help you." —Jennifer Peters

Blum and Deissig can be reached at 973-265-8790 or [carlblum@tipofthearrow.net](mailto:carlblum@tipofthearrow.net) and [bobdeissig@tipofthearrow.net](mailto:bobdeissig@tipofthearrow.net).





# the em factor

When it comes to erotic model Emily Addison, our September Pet of the Month, we're not embarrassed to admit that we long to embrace her, empower her to have her way with us, and embed ourselves in her curvaceous beauty.... Okay, now we're a little embarrassed—but we're sure you all empathize.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker

A full-page photograph of a woman with long brown hair, wearing a gold-colored bikini. She is standing outdoors, leaning against a dark, textured wall. Her right hand is resting near her face, and she is looking down. She is wearing multiple gold bracelets on her right wrist and a gold ring on her right hand. The background shows a hilly landscape under a clear sky.

"When I was in school, one of my friends brought in old *Penthouse* and *Penthouse Letters* magazines, and we hid them in our lockers. I've wanted to be one of those girls ever since. *Penthouse* is my favorite magazine because it's classy but naughty—like me."





**"Guys I date have to be comfortable with and supportive of my career. If not, that's a deal breaker. But I refuse to date guys in the industry. I can't stand drama, and that is sure to follow when you mix business and pleasure."**





**"The most exciting place  
I've made love is in a police  
car. I was dating a cop,  
and we had sex one night  
in his cruiser."**



THE BIG RED

Emily Addison  
SEPTEMBER 2011 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

A full-page photograph of a nude woman with long brown hair, lying on her side in a hot tub. She is wearing a necklace with large, reddish-brown, teardrop-shaped beads. Her eyes are closed, and she has a relaxed expression. The background consists of dark, textured stone tiles.

"I don't have a lot of spare time, but when I do, I spend lots of time with my dog, and I have lots of hot sex."

EMILY ADDISON  
SEPTEMBER 2011 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







**Vital stats:**

34D-25-34; 5'4"

27 years old

**Hometown:**

Hollywood, California.

**Favorite thing about your hometown:**

I'm in love with the chaos, the city lights, the diversity. There's always something exciting going on.

**Favorite vacation spot:**

Costa Rica. I love hanging out all day in a bikini, relaxing on the beach or climbing waterfalls. I love seeing the monkeys, and the sunsets are incredible! I also love trying to speak Spanish, even though I'm terrible at it.

**Favorite foods:**

Sushi and cupcakes.

**Favorite drinks:**

Wine, Jack Daniel's, and vodka.

**Favorite TV show:**

I am in love with *Tosh.O*.

**Favorite movie:**

I love eighties movies.

**Describe your ideal date:**

I'm totally down with anything laid-back with lots of laughing. It doesn't have to be expensive or fancy.

**Where are you most likely to be on any given Tuesday night?**

In bed with my Hitachi Magic Wand.

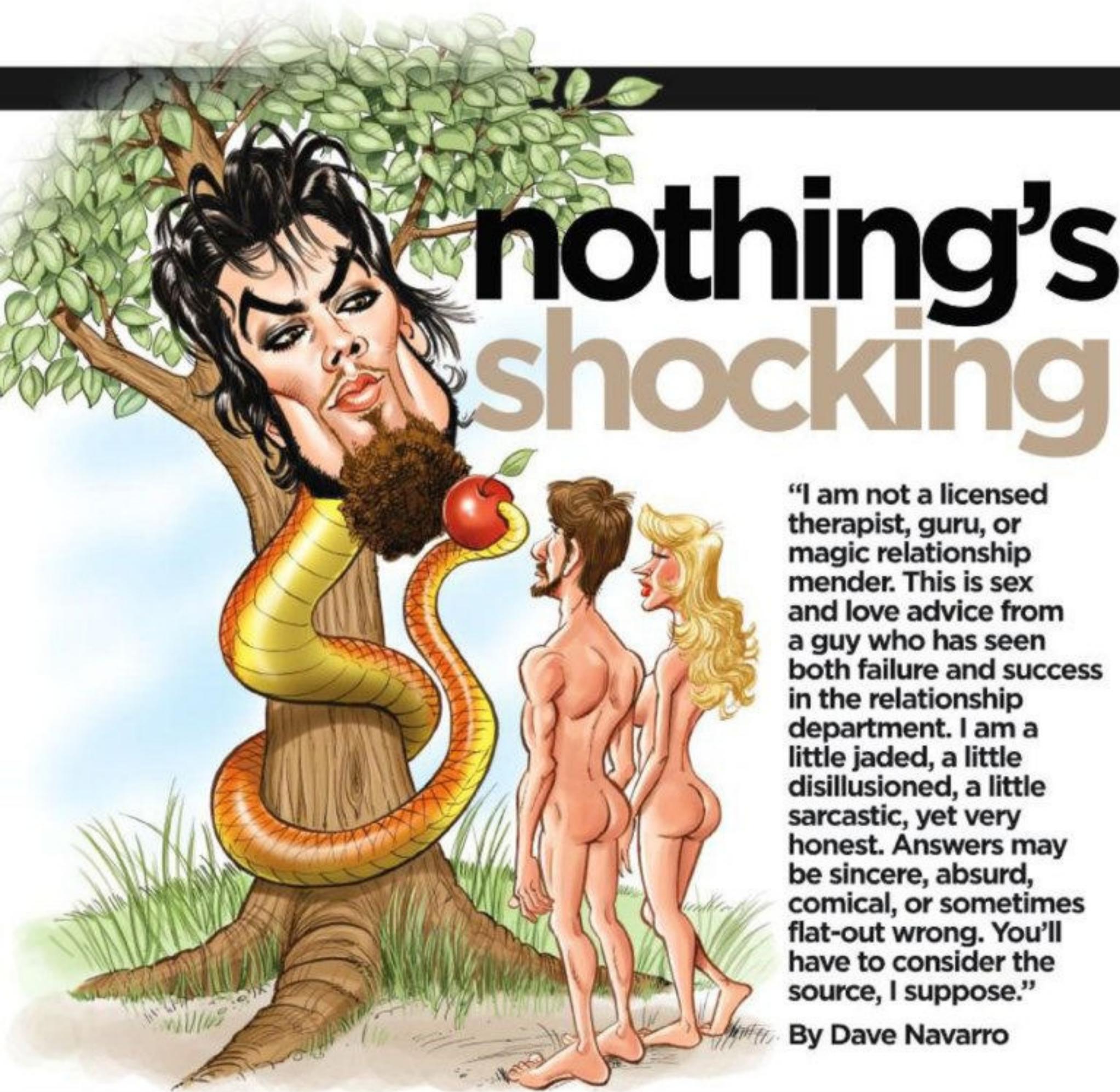
**Have you done any singing, dancing, or acting?**

I'd love to dance at one of the Penthouse Clubs!

**Have you ever been in a physical fight?**

[Laughs] I do topless catfighting and bikini wrestling.

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS  
IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.  
SEE MORE OF EMILY AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



# nothing's shocking

**I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."**

By Dave Navarro

**■ What's the best strategy for men after sleeping with a woman they like? I don't want to call her 24/7 and look like a needy freak, but at the same time I want to indicate to her that it's not a one-night thing. And I don't want to lose the "bad-boy" vibe by being sensitive and showing my true colors.**

That's a tough one. But for me? I just say how I feel and don't worry about how I might look. It's all hard enough without adding a guessing game into the mix. If I'm into being single, I like to make that clear *before* the sex. If I'm interested in something more, I am pretty straightforward. Say it, but don't keep saying it. You don't want to suffocate anyone. Maybe something as simple as, "Whenever you're ready, I'd like to take this to the next level." Leave it at that. It's either meant to be or not, but you will never be able to force it. Knowing that at the onset and accepting it is the key to personal sanity in this process. Good luck!

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM RICHMOND

**■ What is your favorite condom and lube? Do you have faves for different situations?**

A favorite? Hmmm. Durex seems to be the brand I reach for most often, but at the end of the day I really don't care. I guess I'm just happy to be in a situation that calls for a condom, so ultimately what kind it is isn't that big a deal. But every so often I'll buy a bunch of different ones and randomly select a new type each time. In the end, to me, it's like when I ask for a Diet Coke at a restaurant and they have only Diet Pepsi. I'm like, "Um, okay."

As for lube, I leave it up to the girls. Some like it; some don't. That's not really my thing.

**■ When is the right time to sleep with a guy? I don't want to be thought of as easy by acting too soon, or seem like a prude by waiting too long. Please help! I really like this guy I'm seeing and I don't want to mess it up.**

This is totally a personal call. Nobody

can answer this for you. I don't know your age, history, or background, so it would be irresponsible of me to suggest anything. Having said that, if you haven't slept with him by the time you're reading this, you've waited too long.

**■ How much do guys think about their current girl's past history? Does it matter?**

I have come to learn that many guys think about it quite a bit! Often, that's based on the fear of not living up to an old ghost or being less than what the girl may be used to. As I've said before, though, worrying about it is pretty useless, as one is the sum of those total past experiences. To love someone includes loving what they've been through. It is, after all, part of who they are today.

I have noticed that many people, both men and women, tend to spend a great deal of energy dwelling on their partner's past: how many people he or she has been with, who he or she has been with, etc. They end up torturing themselves. It's one of those things that nothing can be done about, and the sooner you can accept that the better. Relationships require an awful lot of work as it is; there's no need to add extra pressure and stress, especially about something that cannot be changed.

I had a friend who just couldn't get past the idea of his girl with a specific person. I told him, "Better learn to deal with it, and quick! 'Cause I can guarantee you that there's someone out there who will be happy to deal with it in your place."

**■ I'm due to have surgery in a few months down in my, um, lower regions, so to speak. This surgery will put me out of commission sexually for about 12 weeks. Is it wrong for me to feel guilty that I won't be able to meet my guy's needs at that time?**

Well, they aren't operating on your mouth, too, are they?

There's no need to feel guilty! This isn't your doing, and you are in a partnership. In fact, it is his responsibility to take care of your needs while you recover. And there are other ways of satisfying each other: oral, masturbation, etc. The important thing is that you get better, and feeling guilty about not being able to have sex isn't going to help either of you get through this.

Submit your questions for Dave at [PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips](http://PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips).

# Pet Gone Dead

*Pet of the Year Runner-Up Ryan Keely and Penthouse model Janessa Brazil have encounters of the campy kind in the horror movie Girls Gone Dead.*



Ryan Keely (left) and Caley Hayes



Ryan Keely (center) with Shea Stewart, Caley Hayes, Asbestos Felt, and Brandy Whitford



Janessa Brazil



Beetlejuice tubbing with models from *Crazy Girls Unlimited*, the show within the movie

**G**irls Gone Dead promises to deliver blood, gore, and hot babes, including Pet Ryan Keely and Penthouse model Janessa Brazil. We're already in, but for those of you who need more enticement, the movie also features Sal "the Stockbroker" Governale and "Whack Packer" Beetlejuice, from *The Howard Stern Show*; porn star Ron Jeremy; Iron Maiden drummer Nicko McBrain; actor Al Sapienza, best known for *The Sopranos*, *Prison Break*, and *Brotherhood*; and World Wrestling Entertainment's Jerry "the King" Lawler.

The low-budget film, which was directed by Michael Hoffman Jr. and Aaron T. Wells, and shot in Jupiter, Florida, includes the first major mainstream role for both ladies, although you may have seen Ryan in M. Night Shyamalan's short film *Escalation*. As she tells us, "I learned a lot from this experience. The days and nights are

By Jennifer Peters and Lainie Speiser



Beetlejuice with  
Kelly Otis (left) and  
Janessa Brazil

"MOVIES ARE A LOT OF WORK, [BUT] BEING SURROUNDED ALL DAY BY A LOT OF HOT LADIES IN THONG BIKINIS DIDN'T HURT."

so long! Movies are a lot of work, but I think I did a good job—and being surrounded all day by a lot of hot ladies in thong bikinis didn't hurt."

Janessa, who was featured in our November 2010 issue, enjoyed watching Sal's antics between scenes. "He was always doing things like cannonballing into a pool full of girls when you least expected it," she says. "Or he'd play pranks on Beetlejuice. Once Beetlejuice reached into what he thought was a bucket of fried chicken sitting on Sal's lap, but his hand grabbed a different kind of meat."

*Girls Gone Dead* is scheduled to premiere in October.

## FINGERPLAY

Everyone wants to get their hands on our Pets—including the girls themselves.

The newest toys in the Penthouse Pet Collection are the Veronica Ricci and Heidi Baron Hands On Pet Pussies. The toys were molded from the private parts of Veronica, our 2010 Pet of the Year Runner-Up, and Heidi, our February 2010 Pet of the Month; they're made of ultrarealistic CyberSkin and feature the Pets fondling their girlie parts.

The Hands On toys are the first of their kind from Penthouse. "It's different," says Veronica. "I think it's more realistic, like maybe I'm touching myself while he's entering me." Veronica is so excited about the release of her first CyberSkin replica that she offers up some tips to any fans who bring her home. "Tease it with your dick first," she suggests. "Rub yourself on the clit and lips, then add lube—maybe warm lube—and just do what feels good."

Fans of the seductive siren aren't the only ones who will be getting down with Veronica's toy. "As soon as I get ahold of it, I'm going to play with it," Veronica says, laughing. "I'll finger it, maybe eat it out. I don't know exactly what I'll do, but it will be kinky!"



## ROCK BABES

When Pet of the Year Nikki Benz breezed through New York City on a whirlwind media tour, she shot a music video for local indie rockers the Dirty Pearls.

Nikki Benz and 2008 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Justine Joli appear in the video for the Dirty Pearls' "Who's Coming Back to Who," along with such New York City celebrities as chef Chris Santos, promoter Dave Delzio, erotic photographer Ellen Stagg, and Fuse TV host Juliya Chernetsky. The video, which was shot at the legendary Don Hill's, showcases the city's rock scene—and the stunning beauty of two of our most popular Pets.

"As soon as Nikki and Justine came onto the set, the champagne bottles

popped and the band started to rock," says Tommy London, lead singer of the Dirty Pearls. "The energy went from 0 to 60 in just three chords!"

The music video was a first for Nikki, who enjoyed the entire experience. "The most memorable moment for me was being with my friends, popping bottles of champagne, and having Dave [Delzio] pour champagne directly into my mouth," she says. "It dripped from my mouth down to my breasts, and the camera guy was quick to film that sticky mess while I was licking the

champagne off my fingers." Nikki raves about her costar: "Justine is so beautiful, I couldn't keep my eyes off her. What eye candy she is!"

Justine was equally enthusiastic about our current Queen. "Hanging out with Nikki was great," Justine says. "She's so sexy, a real wildcat."

Nikki also swung by Tammany Hall to celebrate Chef Santos's birthday, where she was front-row center for the Dirty Pearls' full set, dancing and singing along. "I'm glad I was introduced to their music," Nikki said. "They're so good!"



[sexonwheels]



# Here Come the “Would You” Girls

The hottest disabled women, and what it's like to go there.

By Tiffiny Carlson

**Y**ou've thought about it, or wondered—the naughty inner voice asking, “Can she still fuck?” when a hot chick in a wheelchair rolls by. The world can produce some fantastic combinations of qualities in women, and hot chicks in wheelchairs are quite the pairing. Those two things are not supposed to go together (or so society would like to think), but when did the world start making sense?

But there's the psychology-book-unto-itself concern: What would people think if you went for it—choosing a girl's hot bod over her inability to walk? Sure, some of your buddies will give you shit, and socializing in any way with a disabled woman can be eye-opening. But more men than ever are trying these hotties on for size (think of all the kinky shit you can do with a wheelchair). Hell, Sir Paul McCartney tapped that. Why not you?

Rose McGowan as Cherry Darling is totally locked and loaded in *Grindhouse: Planet Terror*.

**"They'll buy me drinks, hand me their phone numbers, and some have gotten into fights over me."**



Hot babe on wheels Mimi Julia

#### ■ IN HER HEAD

It's the usual story: drunk driver in the other car, paralyzed in a collision. Such is the shitty luck that befell Tiphany Adams, an actress living in Los Angeles, who wasn't sure how men would respond to her as a paraplegic. "I realized I still had it when I was asked out on more dates than ever before," she says. "I was like, do they just feel bad for me, like a charity date?" She quickly realized that nice tits and long auburn hair were killer trump cards, even for a woman in a wheelchair.

"I am beyond flattered when I receive any compliment on my outer beauty," Adams says. "Friends will come to me while we're out and say, 'Hey, do you see that guy over there?' I'm like, 'Yeah, the guy surrounded by 50 chicks?' And my friend says, 'He thinks you're stunning!'"

Even lucky bastards who can have any walking sexpot they want get turned on by the badass attitude disabled women possess. Angela Irick, a 28-year-old quadriplegic, runs an up-and-coming clothing company in Dallas. Irick was paralyzed in a car

accident at 14, and was ready to resign herself to a life of spinsterhood. Turns out that wasn't necessary.

"I was hesitant to go [out] because I knew my friend would be approached by guys and I didn't want to be in the way," Irick tells us. "I didn't think I'd get any attention. I bought a new outfit, and decided to show a little skin by wearing a cropped top and tight-fitting jeans. I was shocked by all the attention I got from so many men."

She also gets her share of ignorant questions. "Guys will ask, 'Can you have children?' I always reply with, 'Do you mean: Can I still have sex?' They just laugh and say, 'Well, yeah.' I answer with, 'Yes, I'm paralyzed, but my legs aren't sewn together.'"

Alberta, Canada, has its very own sexy thing: Mimi Julia, a former equestrian and co-owner of a tattoo shop. When her back was broken in a car accident at 17, she also struggled with the question "What guy would want me?" Not only did her boyfriend stick around, but she's been surprised by the men who approach her.

"They'll buy me drinks, hand me

their phone numbers, and some have gotten into fights over me," she says. "I've had men grope my breasts, ask me for one-night stands, and many have openly (and sometimes ignorantly) asked me if I can have sex, if I can have an orgasm. Most of those guys I just laugh off."

Julia doesn't mind telling her boyfriend her sexual details, but sex questions from random guys in bars? Those she minds. "I'm a mellow person," she explains, "and I understand that people are curious about paraplegics and their sex lives, but I don't like being disrespected. If a man is hitting on me without respect, he doesn't stand a chance."

While a full-blown orgasm has eluded Julia since her injury, she still loves sex. "I still feel a sense of release when I'm satisfied," she says. "Every man I've ever been with has tried and tried to give me an orgasm, and I always let them because (a) I enjoy the challenge, and (b) if they can do it, and I somehow have one, then hallelujah! But I'm completely, utterly satisfied with sex and intimacy without orgasm. Sex is not about dick. It's

a whole-body experience."

Erotica writer A.J., 30, a wheelchair-using bisexual with a penchant for five-inch heels, unabashedly embraces her sexuality. "I'll get off any way and wherever I want," she says. "I love to keep it exciting, and I get a thrill out of trying new things. I fucking love toys. I mean, diamonds are nice and all, but toys are a girl's best friend. I heart my crystal G-spotter, sex swing, vibrating panties, and all my assorted vibrators and dildos. The best Valentine's Day present I ever got was a Hitachi Magic Wand; it's the gift that literally keeps on giving."

#### ■ NOT FRAGILE, PLEASE BREAK

If you think sex with a girl who can't move much below her shoulders would be kinky, you'd be right. Irick's ex-boyfriend, Sky Wills, 31, opens up: "Being with Angela was akin to a speaking, breathing sex doll that one can mold and change positions to their desires. And since she doesn't get much physical interaction and can only move her head, she definitely likes to give head."

Irick, who's now single and looking, has perfected the art of mental masturbation, a damn useful skill when you can't move your arms. She explains, "When I'm alone, I think about past hot sexual experiences, close my eyes, slowly take deep breaths, and think of how I'd like to be touched. This will increase my heart rate, and my breathing will increase rapidly, and then boom, a mental orgasm has been achieved. It took me a couple of years to figure this out."

When Irick does have a dick in her life, she's all about the O: "My vaginal area is hypersensitive, and if the guy knows what he's doing, no lubrication is required. I can actually have multiple orgasms and usually do. I will have some mini orgasms, then a couple of full-blown orgasms. If I don't come, there's no chemistry."

Sometimes the ultrasubmissiveness of her disability can be hot, too. "I usually like to be the one in control and dominating," Irick says. "But I allowed him to be the dominating one and it was fun. Being defiant and then being punished (in a good way) was a huge turn-on." A.J. even keeps a pair of handcuffs hooked to her chair, just in case.

Julia's twenties were a time of building confidence. "I remember looking at myself naked in the mirror one day and realizing I still looked good even though I was paralyzed,"



Braced for action:  
Rosanna Arquette  
in the film *Crash*



Erotica writer  
A.J.

she tells us. "I've always been a fan of dressing up in sexy lingerie for my partner, and I made a point in those early years to basically check myself out in the mirror every time my ex-husband and I were having sex."

Once she became sure of herself, Julia's sex life surged: "One of the hottest sexual experiences I've ever had was with my ex-husband. We both enjoyed doing it discreetly in public places, such as parks or beaches, usually at night. We were in Florida, the moon was near full, and we made love against some huge rocks on the beach. Even if we'd been caught—which we weren't—we probably wouldn't have cared. We weren't even fully naked, but there was something primal about doing it under the moon by the waves."

Julia is also a fan of the Kama Sutra. "People would probably never think that a paralyzed woman would make such good use of the Kama Sutra, but I love it and I use it!"

Adams, who recommends "utilizing the chair" as much as possible, has had her share of "Oh, my God, this is still great" moments in the sack.

"I was shocked at how easy it was for me to do reverse-cowgirl," she says. She had told her boyfriend, "I want to be creative. Let's try something new. Lift me up and hold my hips to support me." She adds, "It worked, and being on top was a feeling I had never felt since my injury. Orgasmic!"

And if you ever bone her, Adams begs: Don't be shy. "I know men can be timid regarding a woman with a disability, but it's all about having confidence."

A.J.'s husband, Shane, 33, is hooked. "I have never been with anyone who is so sexy and sexually charged," he tells us. "When she rolls into a room, men stand at attention—literally. She can get a man hard from across the room with just a glance."

From bondage to footplay, they do it all. Shane goes on, "A.J.'s disability makes her unable to stand and walk because the joints and bones in her lower limbs are unable to support her weight. But she can still wrap her legs around me and enjoy every thrust." There's also kink on the menu. "Because she uses a wheelchair and doesn't walk, she can wear the sexiest, most impossibly high stilettos." Add bondage, roleplay, and S&M, and you'll wonder how much time A.J. actually spends in her wheelchair.

At the end of the day, despite great sex and a pretty face, you may reject a disabled babe, and if so, don't worry. She's been through worse. "I think a lot of disabled women have their heads on pretty squarely," says A.J. "It takes fire and sass to get out of bed each morning and deal with a disability in the real world." □

Tiffany Carlson is a freelance writer with an expertise in disability and sexuality. She suffered a spinal-cord injury in a diving accident when she was a teenager.



Author  
Tiffany  
Carlson



# Getting Hooked

When it comes to women, there are always plenty of fish in the sea.

As told to Ronnie Koenig

**T**t was spring the first time I decided to find work as a commercial fisherman out of Boston. I didn't have any experience—I had just finished graduate school—so I went down and asked around and finally got hired as a deckhand. The captain, Phil, had been a little skeptical of me at first, but I kept showing up and, after a while, he admitted he could use another strong guy for

their next voyage. I knew I wanted to do hard, physical labor—something that would let me work with my hands. But the bonus was that it also led to some of the best sex of my life.

The first time I went out on the trawler was for a two-week trip. It was a small boat, with a crew of seven guys. We had really rough weather and the first night I got sick; after a few days of trawling for groundfish in high winds and rough seas I proved myself, however, and by the time we were back on dry land I was one of the guys.

The guys with families took off, but the rest of us went to a nearby sports bar for drinks. As soon as I walked in I noticed the bartender. She was a curvy woman wearing a top that showed lots of cleavage. The guys told me that Nancy had a thing for fishermen. They took me up to the bar and told her that I was a greenhorn and that I'd just completed my first voyage. Nancy winked at me and said that she'd have to make me "official." When I asked the guys what that meant, they just laughed.

By the time the bar was closing, I was one of the few guys left. Nancy announced last call, but whispered to me to stay. After she locked the door, she undid the snaps of her shirt. We kissed and I unhooked her bra, revealing her enormous tits. "I think fishermen are so sexy," she whispered in my ear. "You guys are so tough and so big." She slid her hand down over my cock, which was suddenly very hard, and I helped her by taking it out of my pants. "Sorry if I'm dirty, we've been out for two weeks," I apologized. "I don't care, I like it," she said with a naughty look before taking the whole length of me into her mouth. Not to brag, but I'm kind of big, and none of my girlfriends had ever been able to deep-throat me, so just the fact that she got her lips all the way down to my balls nearly made me come right then.

Nancy stroked and sucked me while jiggling her tits across my balls, and after a while I couldn't take it anymore. I put my hands on either side of her head and began pulling her face toward me. I was fucking her mouth and I could hear her moaning, even with her mouth full of my cock. All of a sudden I felt myself coming—it was the first time I'd done so in two weeks—and Nancy swallowed my load and licked her lips like it was the best thing she'd ever tasted.

By the end of my first summer as a fisherman, I was starting to become familiar with some of the places we sold our catch to. One was a local grocery store/restaurant run by a cute young woman, Sadie. She took pride in growing and buying her food locally—she told me it was a farm-to-table philosophy. She showed up when we were still unloading our catch at the docks, and we started talking. She wasn't my usual type, skinny with no makeup and kind of earthy/crunchy—she even wore a bandana on her head—but she was

definitely attractive, and I couldn't help thinking that she probably had no bra on, because her nipples were almost poking out of her tank top.

As we were talking, she asked if she could see the rest of the boat. I took Sadie down to the crew quarters, which I shared with some of the most lewd and disgusting guys you'd ever want to meet. But it was just the two of us down there and something told me to make a move. I pulled Sadie toward me and put my hand under her top as I kissed her neck—I was right, no bra, just a great pair of small but perky tits. Sadie was not shy at all—she lay down on my cot, took off her pants, and started rubbing her clit through her panties. Pushing her

panties to the side, I slid right into her. "You feel so good," she said as I fucked her. After a few minutes, I pulled her up off the bed and faced her away from me so that she was gripping the cot sides—these metal rails that are there to keep us from falling out of bed. I got behind her and pulled down her panties, spreading her beautiful pussy open with my fingers. I licked her until she came, and when she spread herself wide for me, I knew it was my turn. Plunging my cock into her hole, I began slapping her ass cheeks while I fucked her, as she held onto the rails, which were shaking under her grip. "You like that?" I asked each time I smacked her little ass. "Yes," she whispered. It didn't take long for me to fill her pussy. After that, I escorted Sadie back onto the dock and helped her load up her truck. "You should come by and meet my girlfriend sometime, you'd like her," she said. "I'm bi," she explained. I never did take her up on the offer, but our encounter on the ship is still one of my best go-to images when I'm by myself.

The next time I went out, I was surprised to see a female crewmember. Daphne was tall and looked like she was in her late thirties. I couldn't tell what kind of body she had because of the heavy-duty gear we always had on, but I knew she must be in great shape to do the kind of work we were doing. I could tell right away that there was an unspoken rule that you didn't mess with Daphne, so even when I was horny as hell after three weeks at sea, there was no way I would do anything.

Then one night I was reading in the galley, and Daphne walked in. Without saying a word, she came up behind me and put her hand down my pants and started stroking me. I wasn't about to say no, and she was really insistent! She got in front of me and pulled down her pants, and without any more foreplay she slid my cock into her from behind. I put my hands around her waist and started fucking her. "Harder!" she commanded me. "Fuck me harder!" After she said that I started pounding away. I reached up under her thermal shirt and felt her tits—they were nice and her nipples were rock hard, so I pinched them and pulled on them till she moaned. I pulled out and came on her ass and thighs, then reached around and rubbed her clit until she shook really hard against my hand.

That's the thing about this job—you have to be willing to work with your hands—and I most certainly am. 



## The Guccione Years: January 1987



# FREE AND FANCY-FREE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

When Kansas-born Mindy Farrar first graced our pages, as our Pet of the Month in November 1984, the Los Angeles legal secretary confessed that she was "the kind of square who gets up at 6 A.M., wears normal clothes, and goes to my job." But by the time she was crowned our 1987 Pet of the Year, our 23-year-old Queen had shed her fiancé and was ready to take on the world. "I'm free and fancy-free," she said with a laugh, "and it feels good. There are so many things I want to do, and now I'll have the wherewithal to do them." The 38-23-35 beauty excitedly listed some options: "I'll be able to live my dreams: I might pursue my career in law; then again, I sometimes think of going into show business or even buying a little farm back in Kansas."



## The Guccione Years: January 1987



Mindy told us she's not the type to rush into relationships. "I won't let men use me as a plaything," she said. But posing for these photos made her "very proud. It was great working with Bob Guccione. He's been wonderful. He's a very smart, very human gentleman."





The Guccione Years: January 1987



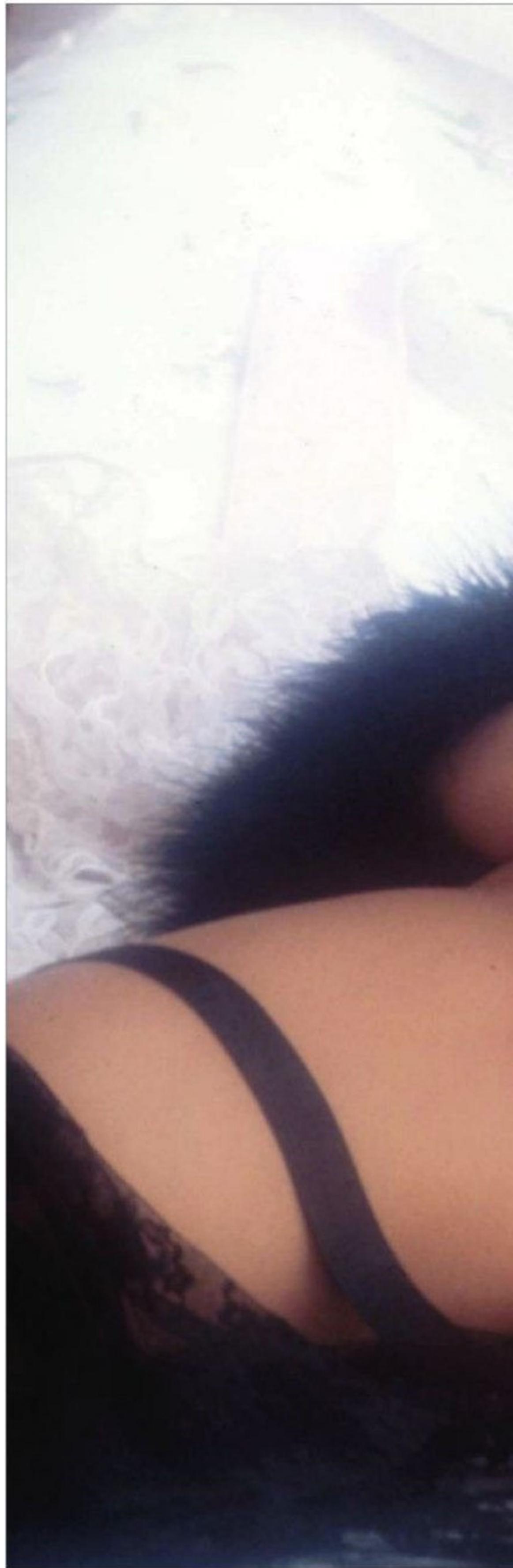


"It makes me laugh," Mindy said, "to think that there are misguided feminists out there who say I'm somehow being exploited. How can I be exploited by myself? Views change. They come and go. The really important thing is always to be true to yourself."

## The Guccione Years: January 1987



"Normally, I do get a lot of attention," she said, in somewhat of an understatement. "But I think of myself as a basically average type of lady. So I must say, being in this spotlight as Pet of the Year is certainly a turn-on. It's an ego-booster, to say the least!"





# Hands-on training

The benefits of acting as a sexual mentor are varied and vast. Check out this ultimate guide to training pretty young things.

By Ronnie Koenig

**I**t's a fact that most young women are turned on by the idea of being schooled in sex by an older and wiser man, but you don't have to be a fiftysomething college professor to land the job. Guys in their late twenties, thirties, and forties can open up a multitude of sexual possibilities for a babe who only knows Lionel Richie as Nicole's dad.

The benefits to being a sexual teacher are enormous. In addition to gaining access to pert breasts, flawless skin, and impossibly toned legs, a younger woman often is more open to trying new positions, sex acts, and adventures. And when you're the mentor, you can teach her to do things the way you like them (think perfect handjobs down to the very last stroke). Because she hasn't been jaded by too many failed relationships, her attitude will be a lot sunnier—and her demands fewer—than those of the average 38-year-old.

But before you can become a sexual mentor, you need to be clear about exactly what the job entails. A sexual mentor is an experienced man who uses his knowledge and enjoyment of sex to introduce a young woman to the pleasures of the flesh, and to show her what her body (and mind!) is capable of. Think of yourself as an erotic tour guide of

sorts. Your main job is to make sex a positive experience for your pupil, and to get her to shed inhibitions and push her boundaries. Overall, a sexual mentor holds a lot of responsibility in his capable hands. You'll not only be having sex with a young, eager woman, you'll be shaping her views on sexuality for the rest of her life.

A sexual mentor is *not* a sugar daddy. It's not his job to support a young lady's lifestyle. You don't need to woo her with jewelry or Louis Vuitton purses, because your attention in the bedroom will be gift enough. Obviously, being loaded can't hurt your chances of hooking up with a hot young thing, but it's not a requirement. And if you're looking for a trophy wife, good luck to you—but that's not being a sexual mentor. You may mentor a pupil who would provide nice arm candy, but remember, the important part of her education will take place behind closed doors.

A sexual mentor is also *not* a lech, or the main character in a Nabokov novel. Those looking to fulfill a *Lolita* fantasy need not apply. The first rule is to mentor only ladies in the legal age range. That means no trolling the local high school for cheerleaders. (You remember how *American Beauty* turned out, right?)



# [knocking boots]

## CHOOSE A PUPIL

Your first instinct says an uninhibited 18-year-old is the perfect choice, but your instinct is wrong. Sure, sex with a wild teenager sounds appealing, but that's the time for a one-night stand. Instead, look for someone who's, say, 23 and maybe a little bit shy; she'll be eager to learn from someone older. She's had a taste of what sex is like and is wondering how it can be even better. This is where you come in.

While we're on the subject, the decision to mentor a virgin is one every man has to make for himself. On the one hand, no guy can resist the idea of being the first to plow uncharted land. On the other hand, a newbie can be extremely needy and clingy. Assess the situation as best you can, and if she's eager to lose it because she's ready to gain experience, take her on. If she's looking for a "grown-up relationship" because she's tired of "boys," be wary. A virgin looking for love should send you running, not walking, in the other direction.

As for a woman who's uptight or ultrareligious, skip it. The challenge of cracking that nut may be enticing, but you'll have a much easier time—and more satisfying experiences—with someone who's already in touch with her sexuality.

The daughters or younger sisters of your buddies—or friends of your daughter's—may be attractive, and

many will flirt with you, but we don't recommend mentoring them (unless, of course, you want to find out firsthand if your boy's Craftsman power saw can actually cut through bone). Instead, go to bookstores, art galleries, parks, continuing-education classes, the gym.... You get the idea.

## SELL YOURSELF

When you meet younger women, your biggest concern should be how you present yourself. It's your job to convince these women that (a) you know what you're doing, and (b) they can benefit from your experience. If your confidence isn't through the roof, you've got to fake it. Think of it this way: From the first moment you make eye contact, you're auditioning for the role of sexual teacher. Women can smell insecurity a mile away, so practice your approach on a female friend prior to hitting the field. When you meet a potential pupil, don't wait for her to ask you questions; share an appropriate anecdote that showcases your worldliness and experience. Don't ask if you can take her out sometime; tell her that she's having dinner with you next Friday. Remember, the appeal of a sexual mentor lies in the fact that he's in control. If a woman feels as if she's in capable hands, she'll go further in her sexual exploration.

Never forget the impact of a grand gesture. This could be anything from

making that dinner date to dipping her extravagantly on the dance floor if the mood is right. One expert sexual mentor once threw a girl he was interested in on his back and gave her a piggyback ride up the street as she shrieked in delight. Remember, she's used to guys who text her about "hanging out," so showing your interest will separate you from the boys.

## ACT YOUR AGE

Speaking of those younger guys: They're not your competition. The just-out-of-college girl has dated guys her age and knows how immature men in their early twenties can be. And while most women have sex for the first time with a teenage sweetheart, the majority would prefer their initiation into deep, sensual (not to mention longer-lasting) sex to be with a man who knows what he's doing.

If your pupil wants to continue seeing guys her own age, let her. As a mentor, you shouldn't place restrictions on her sexuality. She needs to feel open to explore her desires, and that might mean not being exclusive with you. Remember, that's generally a good thing. You can set yourself apart from other suitors by defining the boundaries of your relationship:

1. Make sure you're always the one who initiates contact.
2. Limit phone conversations and email exchanges, and don't let her



involve you in her day-to-day drama.

**3.** Always have the recipe for a perfect date at the ready, since most younger guys are too busy or indecisive to make plans.

**4.** When you're with her, give her your undivided attention.

#### TAKE HER EXPLORING

Once you've got the girl, you need somewhere to take her. A fancy four-star hotel? Unnecessary. Anyplace that's unfamiliar and removed from the ordinariness of the real world will do. If you can, meet at your home, not hers. Her bed is a place she associates with sleep and comfort. Your bedroom, on the other hand, should be an area that she associates with excitement and newness. And make sure you have the right tools on hand—not just sex toys, condoms, and lube, but clean towels and sheets, wine, and food that doesn't come out of a box with a cartoon tiger on it.

The advantage of being a lover who's been around the block is that you've handled the equipment before and you know how it works. Here's a secret: You may know more about what her body is capable of than she does. As weird as it might seem, many sexually active women have never even looked at themselves "down there." If her G spot is the lost ark, set her on a path of discovery.

Start by gauging her comfort level with her body. Does she prance around naked or hide behind a towel when she's undressed? Tell her you want her to show you what feels good. For most women, touching themselves in front of a man is a highly intimate act. Getting her to reveal herself to you in this way opens the door to a world of carnal possibilities. But remember, although you want to guide her with a firm hand, never pressure her to do something she's uncomfortable with. Being the dominant party in the relationship carries with it the responsibility of ensuring that she consents to any and all sexual activity.

Although most twentysomething women talk openly about sex with their girlfriends, the truth is that many feel insecure about their technique. They wonder if they're doing things "right," and worry about looking foolish or giving too much of themselves. As a mentor, it's your job to give her praise and encouragement, and to tell her specifically what feels or looks or sounds great. When she gives you

# Tips for Mentors-in-Training

If you're still racking up experience in the sack, don't despair. It's never too early to start thinking about future sexual-mentoring efforts. Here are a few things you can do now to prepare for the nubile women you'll want to mentor in the not-so-distant future.

**Have sex.** Lots of it. There's only so much you can learn from watching porn and talking about sex with your friends. At the end of the day, nothing makes up for on-the-job experience. It's time to start getting down and dirty with women of all ages, ethnicities, shapes, and sizes.

**Expand your sexual horizons.** Adopt a try-anything-once attitude when it comes to even the most out-there sex acts. You never know what road you'll need to guide a future pupil down, whether it's group-sex encounters or S&M.

**Read erotica.** Want to know what women really fantasize about? Crack a book to get fodder for future steamy situations, and to see what kind of language younger women are accustomed to when it comes to sex and body parts.

**Learn from your elders.** Hanging out with your twentysomething peers is fun and will get you stupid drunk. But you should also spend time with a successful older guy and study his moves.

**Be mentored.** A cougar can transform a virgin into a virtuoso. Jump-start your sex life by becoming an older woman's boy toy. Any cougar worth her salt will teach you technique, and help you build up your endurance and confidence to the point that you'll be ready to take on a pupil of your own.

**Live life.** A true sexual mentor has more than bedroom skills to offer his pupil, in particular worldliness. Travel, read, eat strange foods, try beer from different countries, learn a new language. In the end, it all adds up to a more doable you.

a blowjob, don't just bask in the moment; tell her how amazing she looks and be explicit in describing how incredible it feels when she tries different techniques. Don't be shy about saying "use your hands" or "look at me when you do that." Such instructions, if they're said in a playful tone, are helpful—and even hot.

Once she's comfortable revealing herself to you in bed, it's time to ramp things up a notch. Nice guys play it safe and ask for permission to make any move that's slightly out of the ordinary. Sexual mentors never force themselves on women, but

they do dare to make bold moves. For example, try biting her (don't draw blood), or smacking her ass when it's unexpected. She may have been waiting—consciously or subconsciously—for someone to open that door. In general, you want to keep pushing her boundaries and encouraging her to go further and further in her explorations. For example, instead of initiating foreplay, make her tell you what she wants you to do to her. For a young and less-experienced woman, it can be scary and thrilling to have to say the actual words. The fact that she may not even know what she likes yet is a great opportunity for you to present her with a smorgasbord of choices and make her pick one each time.

As a mentor, it's your duty to make sure she has a good time. This isn't too much of a sacrifice since, at the end of the day, you're still having sex with a hot young thing. Learn from the mistakes of your younger self, the ones you made back when sex was all about your orgasm, and reciprocating was something you did only because it was expected of you. Take the time to tell her she's sexy; no woman tires of hearing it. Take a break from seducing her to gaze appreciatively at her nude body. When you're tutoring your pupil, it's all about spoiling her.

#### MAKE A BREAK

After a few sex sessions that are all about her, she'll be convinced you have a magic touch and a magic cock. The final stage of sexual mentoring involves weaning her off the relationship. It may become obvious when your student/teacher relationship needs to come to an end, because she's getting needy or even talking about meeting the parents or, worse, marriage. Or perhaps things are going great and the sex is still good, but she's learned everything you have to teach her. Don't let the newbie surpass the master. Remember, the entire point of your relationship is to provide her with a springboard into her sexuality. If she's ready to jump, let her go.

You should always be the one to end things. Don't be like the Rolling Stones and try to play one more farewell concert. Although it will be hard to say good-bye to such a fine, perfectly trained piece of ass, think of it this way: Years from now, she'll still tingle with excitement when she thinks of her time with you.

# KINKY KITCHEN



WHEN OUR FRIENDS DAN AND JULIE INVITED MY HUSBAND AND ME OVER FOR DINNER, WE EAGERLY ACCEPTED. LATELY, I'D SENSED A FLIRTY VIBE FROM JULIE THAT I'D TRIED TO DISMISS AS HER FRIENDLY NATURE, BUT JUST IN CASE, I DRESSED SEXILY FOR THE OCCASION.

PENCILS BY JASON JOHNSON  
INKS BY EDWIN ROSELL  
COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE



I WAS GREETED WITH APPRECIATION FROM DAN, AND LOOKED UP AND DOWN BY JULIE.



WITH THE GUYS SETTLED IN THE DEN, I JOINED JULIE IN THE KITCHEN.

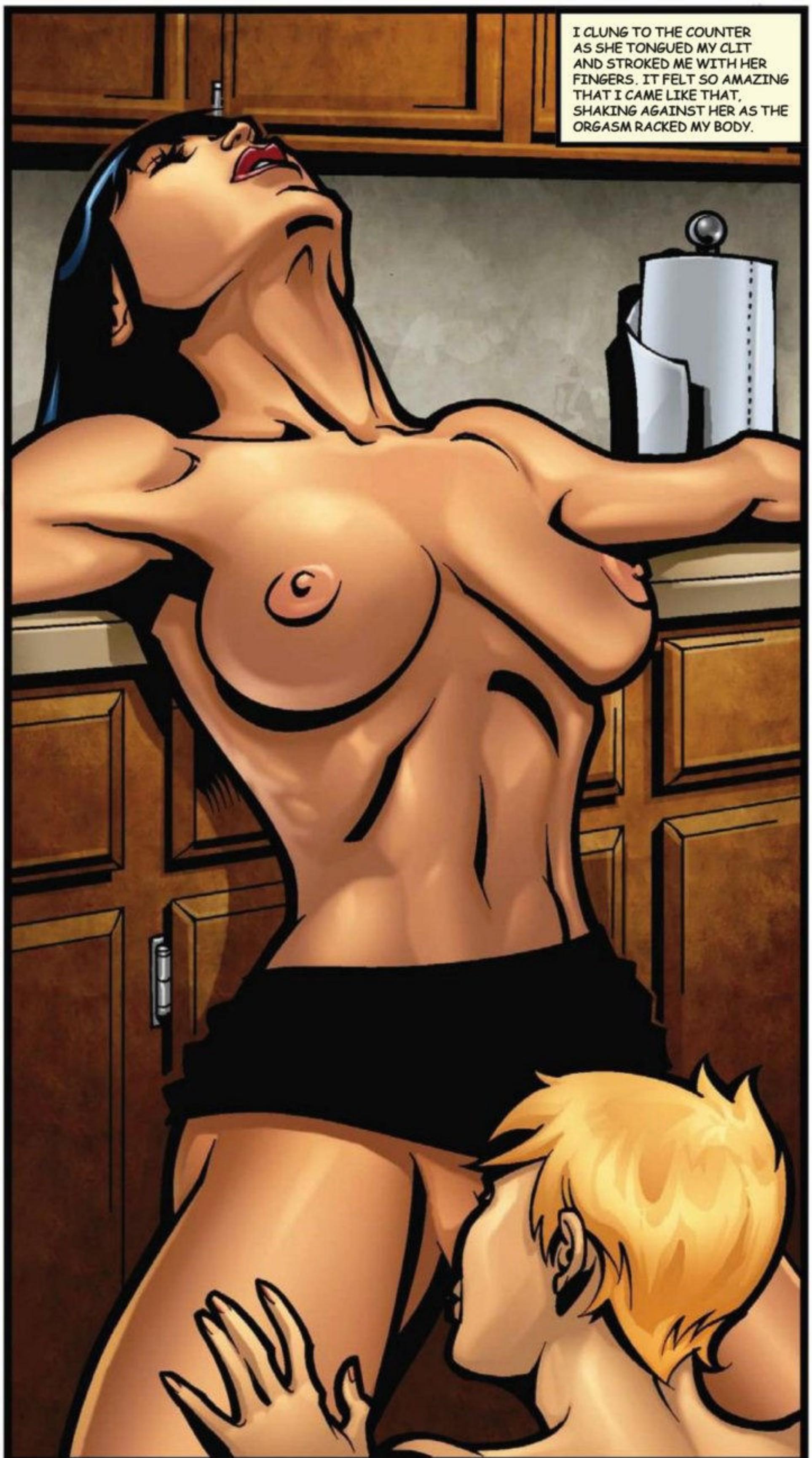
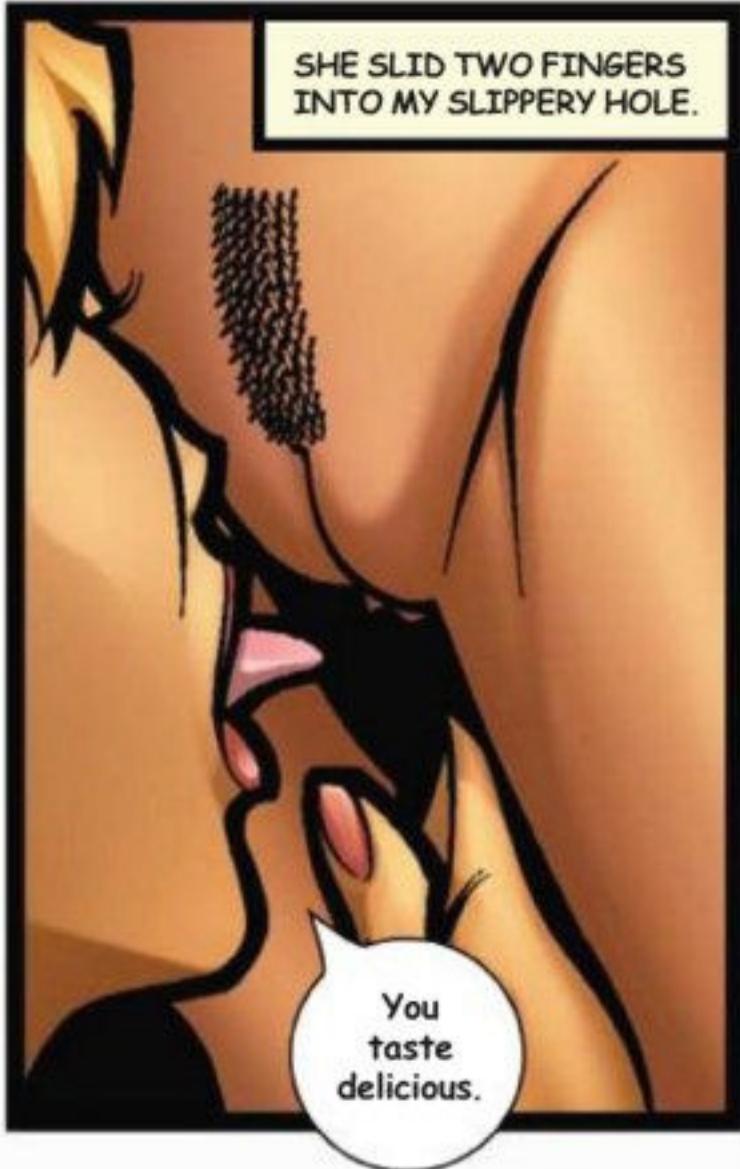
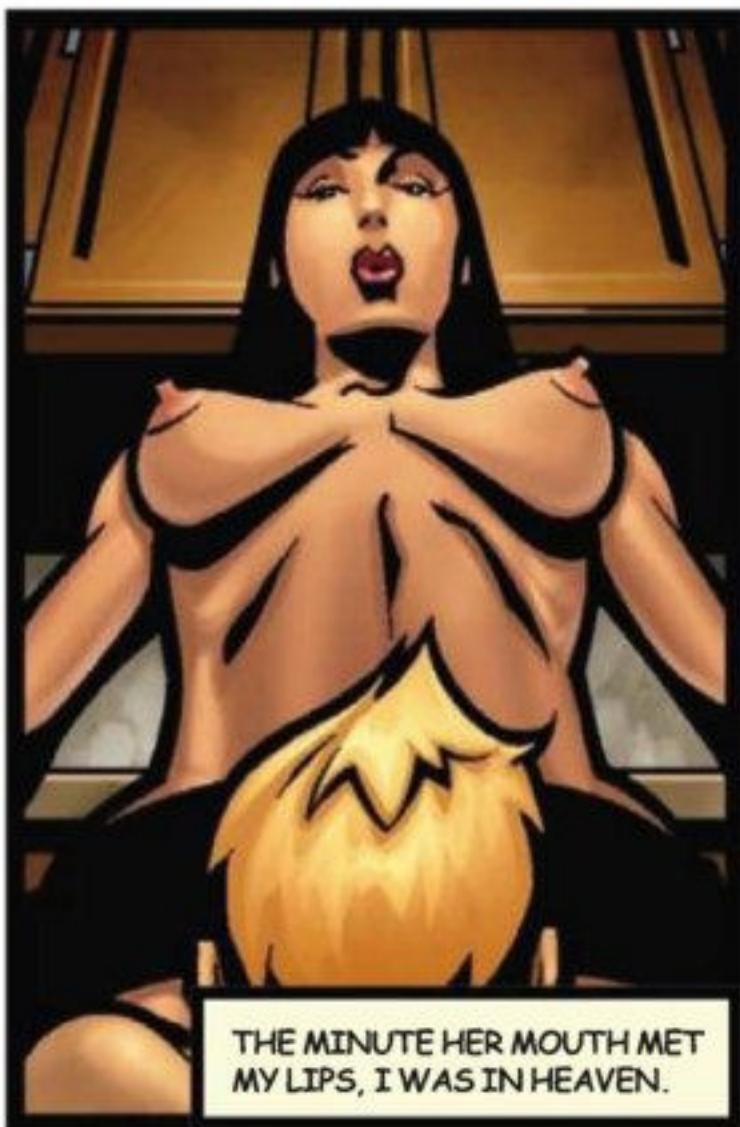


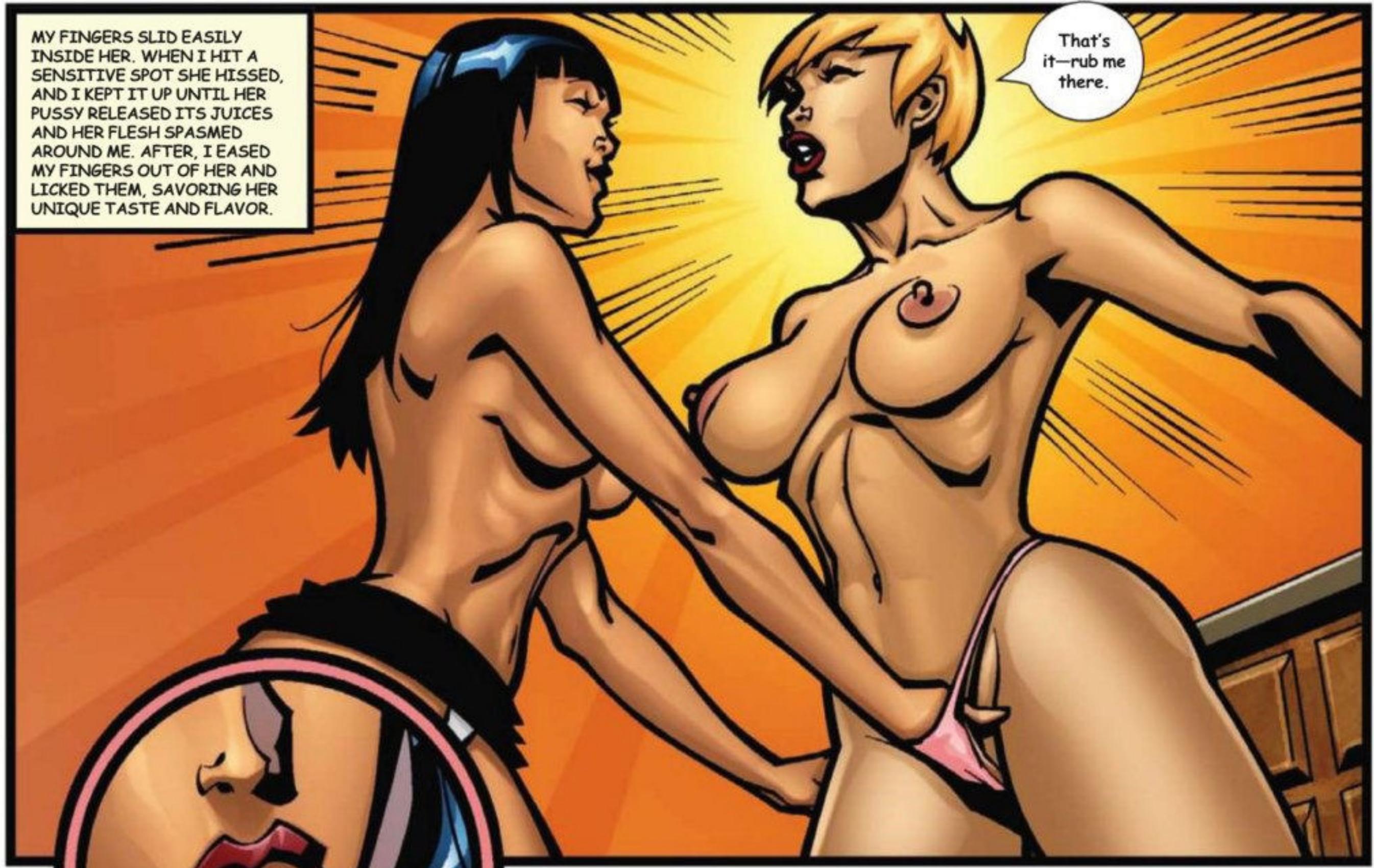
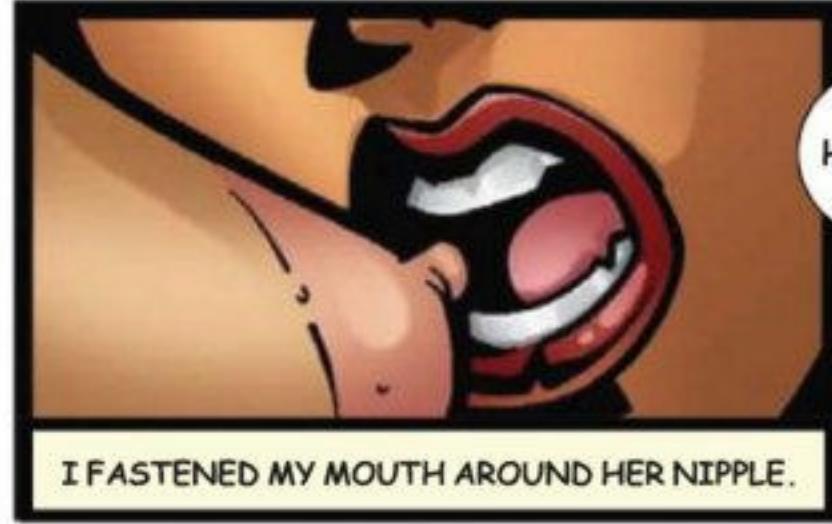
AS SHE MOVED, SHE KEPT BRUSHING AGAINST ME AND HUMMING TO HERSELF.



WITH HER WHOLE BODY PRESSURED AGAINST MINE, SHE LICKED MY NECK, SENDING TINGLES ALL THE WAY DOWN TO MY PUSSY.









# schoolgirl fantasy

It's back-to-school time once again, inspiring Ella Milano and Melissa Ria to dress up and indulge in their own personal sex-ed refresher course. There are no more pencils, no more books, and no more teachers' dirty looks, but these ladies have no trouble appreciating (and demonstrating) the appeal of lacy socks, flirty little skirts, and rulers.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens

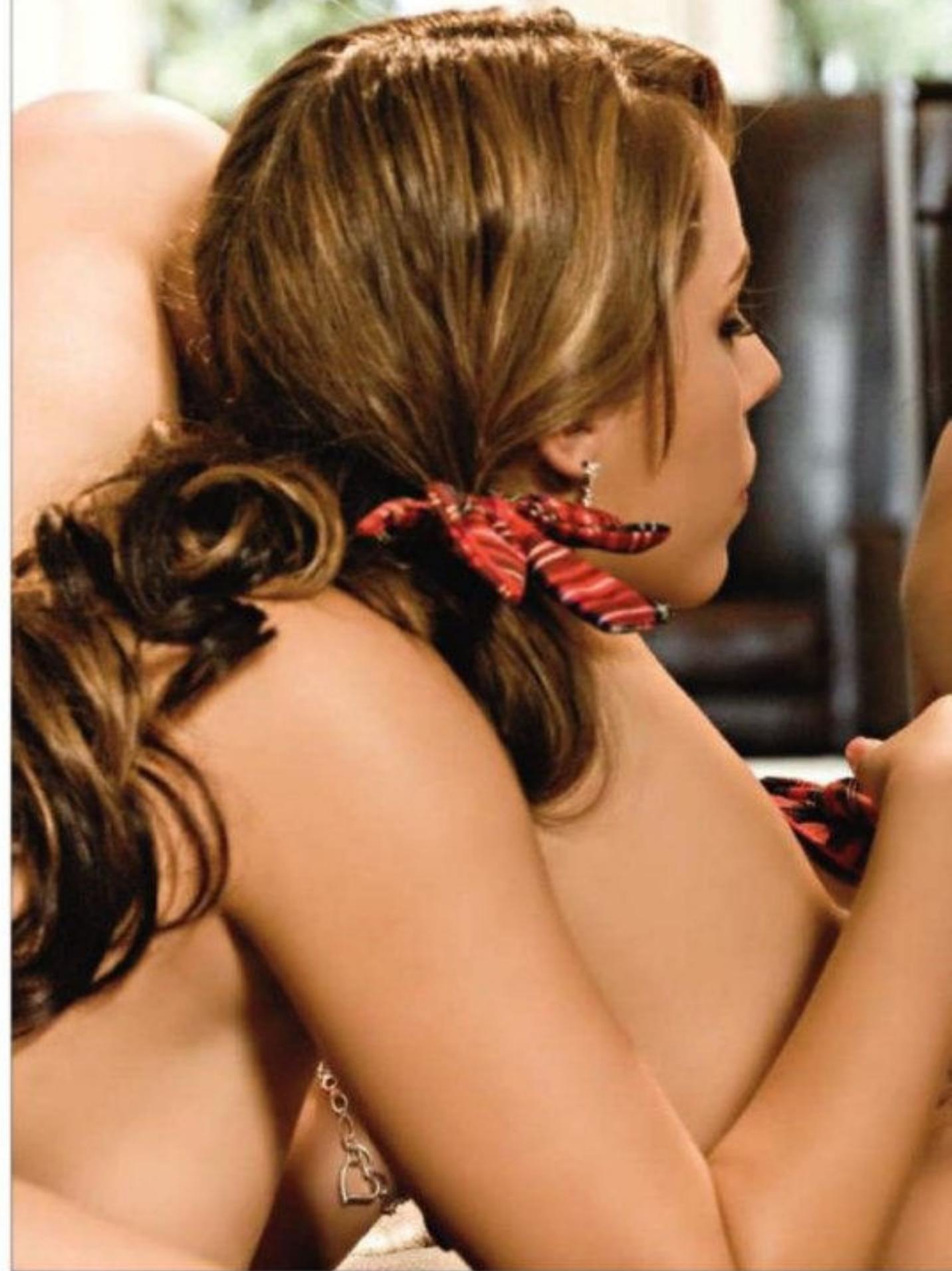














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# CARNAL KNOWLEDGE



**Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.**

**By Martin Downs, M.P.H.**

## ■ STRING OF PEARLS

*My boyfriend and I have been together for a little more than nine months, and the sex has been amazing. Just recently, he's been pulling out before he comes so he can cover me in jizz. The first and second time, I didn't mind, but now that's all he wants to do—cover my tits in cream. He really loves it, but me, not so much. I've tried to bring this up in conversation, but I don't want to mess things up between us. What's the best way to get him to fill me with his cream instead?*

Guys are secretly fascinated by their ability to ejaculate, and proud of it, too. If a guy covers you with his load, he believes, or

wants to pretend, that he's bestowing a precious gift upon you. I'm not sure there's much difference in a man's mind between giving a woman an actual pearl necklace and coming on her tits. He may not realize that semen instantly bonds to your skin and is harder to wash off than superglue.

There are a couple of alternatives you could suggest to him. Ask him to pull out and jizz into your eagerly opened mouth. That way, he'll still get to have his come shot, and you won't have to use turpentine and steel wool to clean yourself up. Or you could try a porno-style cream pie. After he fills you with his jizz, let him watch it dribble out of your hole.

## ■ EASY REMEDY

*Someone recently told me that there's a new treatment for restless leg syndrome (RLS), and it's free. According to him, masturbation is supposed to help. Is this true?*

Well, it's not exactly untrue. This comes from one of those mildly interesting health-and-science headlines that flit across internet news sites, causing someone to tell someone else that they read

this thing somewhere; before long you have people going around believing that there's a new treatment for something or other.

You heard about this thing because a medical journal published a letter to the editor in which some doctors described a case of a patient with RLS who got relief from his symptoms by masturbating. Then a reporter who read the medical journal blogged about it.



Masturbation is beneficial in many ways, but it is not a medical treatment. I hope it never becomes a medical treatment. That would mean I couldn't recommend it, because I am not a medical doctor.

Until then, I'll recommend that RLS sufferers masturbate if they aren't doing so already. On the one hand, it could help; and on the other hand, why not masturbate?

Submit your questions about sex, relationships, and women to [sexed@ffn.com](mailto:sexed@ffn.com).

## WHAT'S THE FREQUENCY, KENNETH?

*How often does the average couple have sex? My girlfriend and I have been living together for four months, and it seems like we had sex a lot more often before she moved in with me. We used to screw several times a week. Now, a week or sometimes two go by before she's in the mood.*

I can't tell you how often the average couple has sex, because there's no such thing as an average couple. But if it's numbers you want, I have the dope.

The National Survey of Sexual Health and Behavior, published just last year, shows a wide-screen, high-definition picture of the sex lives of American men and women of all ages, including how often they get it on.

As you might expect, age and relationship status have a lot to do with it. Since you have a partner but you're not married, let's focus there. And since you say you used to have sex "several times a week," let's look at the percentage of partnered men who reported having vaginal sex two or three times a week, and four or more times a week.

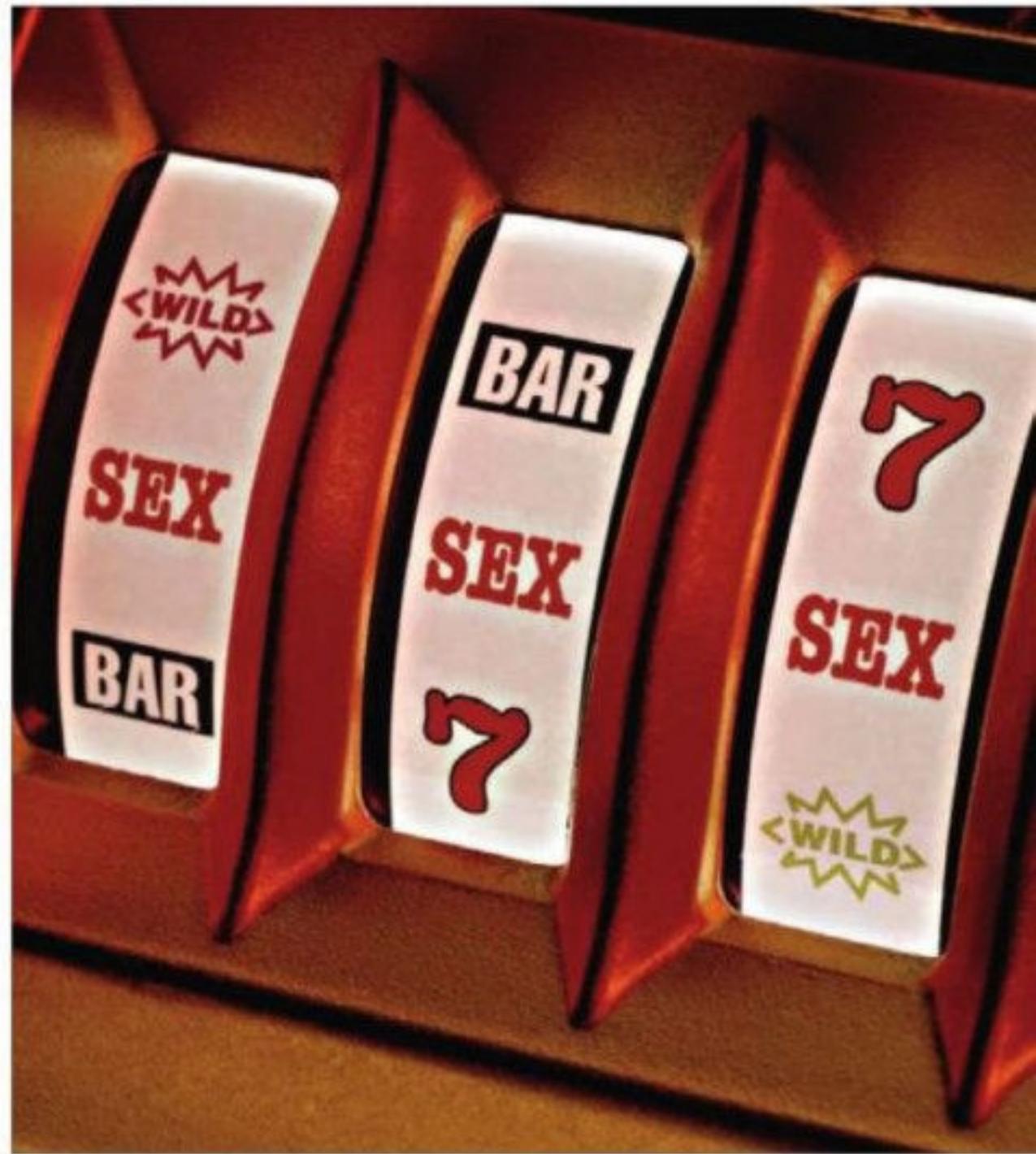
It may come as a surprise to some young bucks that the highest percentage of men having sex four or more times a week is in the 40-to-49 age group: 12 percent of them said they were doing it that often, compared with 6 to 10 percent of younger men. Thirtysomething men and men in their sixties—that's right—are the ones most likely to

be having sex two or three times a week, at 39 percent, compared with about one-quarter of 18- to 29-year-olds, and 19 percent of men in their fifties.

Add up the percentages across the board, and you'll find that about one-third of men with steady partners are getting laid at least twice a week, and about 60 percent get some at least a few times a month to weekly.

Incredibly, there is also a sizable percentage having no sex: 16 to 34 percent reported having no sex in the past 12 months. These are men in relationships, mind you, but not bound by marriage.

What about married men? If you looked at only 18- to 29-year-olds, it would seem that married men have loads more sex than those who are not married but have a significant other. The percentage of married men in that age range having sex at least twice a week is much higher. But it ends there. With each decade after age 29, less-frequent sex becomes more and more common, and high-frequency sex becomes increasingly rare.



## HIGH STAKES

*If you have unprotected sex just once with someone who has HIV, is there any chance you won't get infected?*

They won't tell you this in school, but the chance of getting infected with HIV from one unprotected sex act with an infected partner is nowhere near 100 percent. I'm hesitant to put that in print, because I don't want anyone getting the wrong idea, so I have to qualify it with a warning up front. Having unprotected sex is a gamble, and the losers lose big. Got it?

But I also know that there are people like you out there worrying about that one time, that single lapse in judgment, or that partner who wasn't as monogamous as you had believed him or her to be.

Estimates of heterosexual HIV-transmission risk per sex act—that is, chance of an uninfected person being infected with the virus each time he or she has unprotected sex with an HIV-positive partner—vary by the kind of sex, and which end you're on.

For vaginal sex, a woman's estimated risk of infection is .08 percent per act (1 in 2,500), and .04 percent per act (1 in 5,000) for a man. The per-act risk of anal sex is many times higher. For a woman on the receiving end, the risk of infection is 1.7 percent per act (1 in 60). For a man sticking it in a woman's bum, a per-act risk has not been estimated. But one study of male homosexual HIV transmission came up with estimated per-act risks for the "insertive" partner in anal sex (the one who puts his dick in a butt): .6 percent per act (1 in 167) if he's uncircumcised, and .1 percent per act (1 in 1,000) if he is circumcised.

Think of it like this: If you buy a scratch-off lottery ticket today, you probably won't win. Buy another one tomorrow, and you probably won't win. You may never win. But it's a fact that people do win the lottery. It happens all the time. Now imagine if scratch-off lottery tickets offered an equal chance of winning a prize or being infected with HIV. Would you play?



# HOT STUDENT'S BODY

*A hottale from the upcoming Letters to Penthouse XXXXII, published by Grand Central Publishing*

I am a 24-year-old woman who's presently doing graduate work at a prestigious East Coast university. One day, as I was listening to a lecture, I became aware of a really cute guy two rows across from me, looking my way. As it doesn't take much to make me wet, I started getting horny right away and wondering how large a cock my admirer was prepared to offer me. He kept smiling at me all through class, and naturally I flirted right back.

Sparks were flying, and I knew something great was going to happen between us soon, but I was surprised when Jim—that's his name—came right over to me after class and grabbed my ass. Fortunately, all the other students had left when he said he wanted to fuck me in the worst way. Before I could consider when and where, he started squeezing my breasts through my sweater and my crotch through my jeans. "Now, baby," he said thickly. "Right here."

Jim had the presence of mind to go lock the door before we started pulling each other's clothes off. I'd done some pretty crazy things before, but I didn't know about fucking a guy on the floor of an empty classroom! On the other hand, my pussy was hungry and wet and telling me to go for it.

We were so hot for each other that, once naked, there was no need for any preliminaries. I moaned with pleasure as Jim sank his cock inside my pussy, and then wrapped my arms around his back as he started fucking me.

Within seconds we were going at it like crazy, the two of us grunting and groaning like animals. At one point I happened to lift my head off the floor and look toward the tall windows of the classroom, and what I saw surprised the hell out of me. Standing outside were four male students





watching Jim and me screw! The happy smiles on their faces told me they were enjoying the action—one guy even gave me a thumbs-up—and this drove me wild. To the best of my knowledge, I had never been watched while fucking before, and I wanted to make the most of it. If it was a show the guys wanted, it was a show they would get.

I pulled Jim off me and had him get on his back. I kissed him on the mouth and then worked my way down his hard, muscular body, licking his chest, gently biting his nipples, trailing my tongue across the flat expanse of his stomach. And then Jim's beautiful cock was in my mouth and I was sucking on it like crazy, making a great show of gobbling that tasty stalk of flesh. My bold new lover had no idea we were being watched, which added an extra element of wickedness to what I was doing.

Soon enough, Jim was spurting, his pulsing cock shooting globs of creamy come into my mouth as he moaned with delight. I swallowed some, then jerked his spurting cock from my mouth so the rest of his seed could splash against my face. Then,

licking my lips, I looked up toward the tall windows and discovered that my audience had grown even larger! Obviously, word had spread quickly, and now there were at least a dozen delighted voyeurs outside, all grinning, some rubbing their cocks through their pants.

Happily, Jim was as eager for another round as I was, so I quickly straddled his head and lowered my soaking pussy onto his face. Naturally, I positioned myself so that I was facing the windows, giving the guys outside a clear view as I ground my pussy into Jim's face while squeezing my breasts and pinching my nipples. In no time, Jim was hard again, and after giving my admirers a wink, I slithered back down Jim's body until I was straddling his hips, my pussy hovering over his born-again cock.

I teased myself—and the guys outside—by rubbing the fat head of Jim's cock up and down my slick slit, pressing it hard against my aroused clitoris. Then, with a sigh of pleasure, I sank down on that pole of flesh, taking all of its pulsing fullness inside me.

I had intended to take my time, to enjoy a long, leisurely ride on Jim's cock, but the feel of it inside me combined with the hungry looks from the guys watching outside made

me crazy. I started bouncing on my classmate's cock, riding it furiously, pounding my pussy down onto that fleshy spike again and again. Through eyes blurred by lust, I saw the guys outside still watching intently, cheering now, urging me on. The pleasure built and built until finally I exploded in the most sensational orgasm of my life, made all the more intense by the feel of Jim's semen shooting up into my convulsing pussy.

Breathing heavily, I collapsed on Jim's chest and then, after a moment, looked up toward the windows. The guys were applauding my show! Soon thereafter, singly and in pairs, they departed, no doubt amazed and delighted at their chance discovery. As for me, I couldn't remember ever enjoying myself more.

My sex life now is everything a perpetually horny girl could ask for. Not only do I see Jim regularly for some hot-and-heavy screwing, but most of the fellows who witnessed our wild session in the classroom have asked me out. Obviously, they all want to find out for themselves how good a lay I can be. And I haven't disappointed a single one.—G.R., Ohio

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# videovixen

As soon as we named Tasha Reign our May Pet of the Month, we received queries from readers who wanted to know how soon they'd see her in action in *Penthouse* videos. We couldn't wait either, so we're delighted to once again highlight the beautiful busty blonde, one of the stars of the new video *Extreme Sexual Makeover*.

Photographs by Marc Bell







"I said basically this same thing when I became a Pet, and I'm sure I'll say it again in the future: My favorite part of my job is getting naked. I feel most comfortable when I'm nude and in high heels, and I love to spread my pussy and show my naughty side."



**"I think the adult industry was made for me. I'm pretty new to hard-core adult work, but I'm so passionate about it that now I can't imagine doing anything else."**







"I have a lack of hang-ups about sex, so when I do a scene I just let go of any fears or insecurities. I always give it my all, my 110 percent."





*In Extreme Sexual Makeover, Tasha's enthusiasm for hard-core sucking and fucking is readily apparent. She works over T. J. Cummings in spectacular fashion, and gratefully gets as good as she gives.*

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. SEE MORE OF TASHA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



[x-rated video]



## YOUR MOM'S A COUGAR

1

**Nicki Hunter details the appeal of cougars. The six vignettes that follow, written and directed by Cash Markman, make a strong argument.**

Ms. Hunter opens this video dressed as a cat lady, ears and all, espousing the advantages of sex with a mature woman. Of course, the men of choice for these ladies are young, hung bucks. Fortunately, the intro is brief and we're very quickly into the first scene, in which **Carolyn Reese (5)** minces around a men's locker room. She turns down middle-aged stud Randy Spears in favor of young, tattooed Patrick J. Knight—until she leaves him with blue balls and takes up with another young man, Richie, who rogers her soundly on a bench after being blown—while standing on his head!

Then we see how dirty an alley cat can be, as the voluptuous **Sophia Lomeli (4)** takes her young serviceman

lover, Kris Slater, behind a building. After some steamy buildup with a ladder, they do the nasty on a garbage can.

**Nikki Sexx (2)** opens the next scene as a Peeping Tom, scoping out her target cub, Chris Johnson, through his living room window as he jacks it on his couch. She steals into his place and sucks his twentysomething pole with the unique enthusiasm and expertise of a horny, experienced woman before mounting him like she's a cat in heat.

Then we get raven-haired MILF **India Summer (1)** as a smoking-hot researcher in a lab coat and little else. After kissing a couple of large rats (!), she applies her mouth to a well-toned young stud, Marco Rivera, who then delivers some weird science of his own on her office couch.

Latina cougar **Sienna West (3)** relaxes in a luxurious suite, where

she receives toe servicing from Johnny Castle. Toe sucking leads to, of course, hot, steamy pussy licking, cocksucking, and fucking. Sienna's humongous tits and pierced nipples should have their own billing.

Then Ms. Hunter slam-dunks her conclusion by brazenly demanding the services of a handsome slave boy—we all saw that coming—who is almost too eager to please. Her natural D-cups spill out of her bra as Richie fingers her into a frenzy before lapping at her pierced clit like the dog he is. Finally, said dog takes his natural place behind her and pounds her pussy with his cock while his thumb fucks her ass. Her yowling rivals that of any feline.

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By Casey Wendover



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## WEBSITE WIVES

You're a voyeur watching a voyeur with this internet-fantasy video, written and directed by James Avalon.

When **April O'Neil** (3) writhes in front of a webcam, who wouldn't gawk at her image? And when J. Jay arrives, they have a steamy encounter with a tit-fucking climax. Then we cut back to Richie, the web-surfing voyeur, who's interrupted by his girlfriend, the heavily tattooed Misti Dawn.

Soon the geek is back at his computer, watching bouncy blonde **Jazy Berlin** (1, 2) prance around her bedroom. She's joined by the lithe brunette **Jenna Rose** (1, 2), until Brian Street Team turns their twosome into a sandwich, ravishing them for the viewing pleasure/envy of our hero.

Richie can't separate himself from his laptop porn and takes it to bed, where Misti joins him, pulling up a webgirl of her own, **Sasha Heart** (4). They're inspired, naturally, but we fade into their postcoital dreams. He joins Sasha, who immediately stops writhing away on her bed to ride our hero like a cowgirl on a bucking bronco. Then we cut to Misti's dream, which features steamy girl-girl action with the succulent Daisy Marie, our June 2008 Pet of the Month. Tongues, fingers, and toys get a full workout.

Ultimately, Misti and Richie are so turned on by their experiences that they embark on a little webcam action of their own. It's cute, and hot, and oh-so-modern—a sexual sign of the times.

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1

## PENTHOUSE FORUM: SEXUAL MAKEOVER

Six increasingly hot scenes, written and directed by Cash Markman, are packaged with tongue-in-cheek (and other places) advice.

Each scene is introduced by succulent brunette Bella Saint's suggestions on how to make your partner happy. Ms. Saint herself stars in the first scene opposite mature stud Randy Spears, who breaks the fourth wall to discuss how age has helped him understand how to treat a woman before he plows Bella into a moaning puddle.

The MILF-y **Ariella Ferrera** (4) demonstrates a study in oral service—"the deeper the better!"—and who could disagree when she applies that mantra so marvelously to Johnny Castle. In one jaw-dropping moment she manages to get his entire shaft and balls into her mouth. (Definitely

do try this at home.)

Our May Pet of the Month and this month's Video Vixen, **Tasha Reign** (2), just wants to vent, and encourages men to shut up if they know what's good for them. Sure enough, she's soon got better things to do with her own mouth than whine about her day, and she ends up with a pretty spectacular come shower from T. J. Cummings all over her perfectly sculpted breasts.

Then there's **Darla Crane** (3), a buxom strawberry blonde who understands that her man, Evan Stone, needs to relax. An invitation to watch a little porn together turns into them acting out what they see, and they slap together wildly on the couch until he decorates her face with his load.

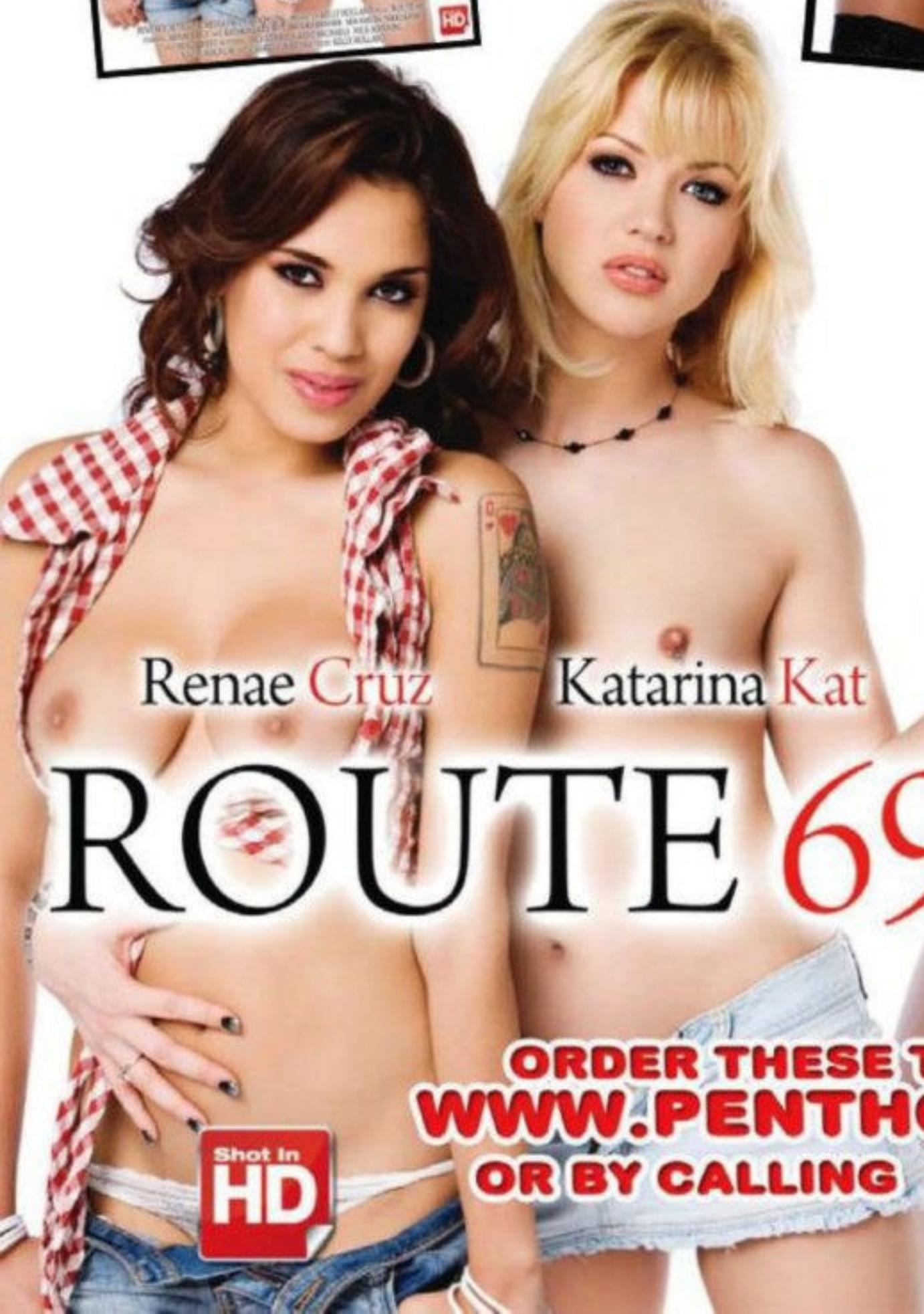
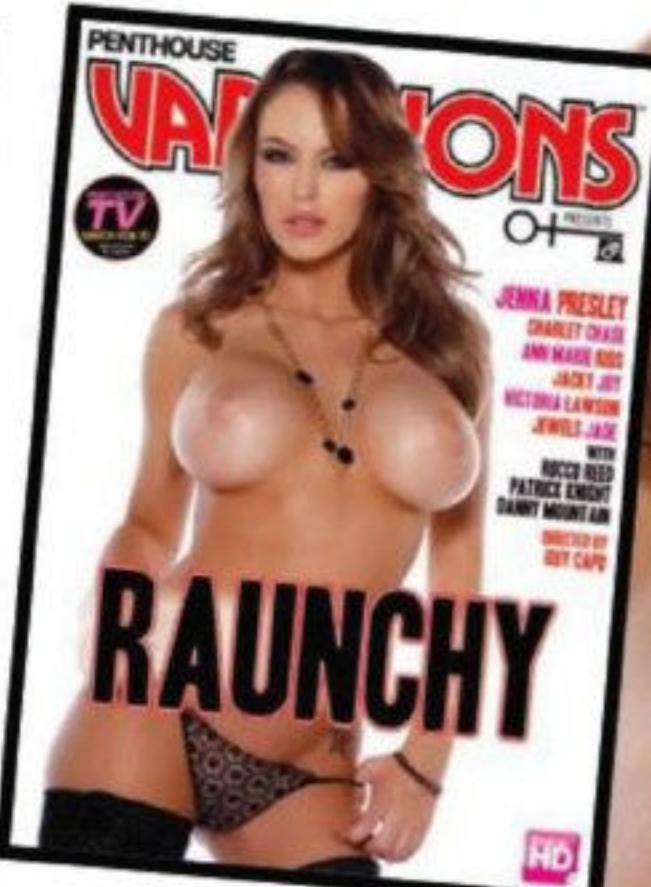
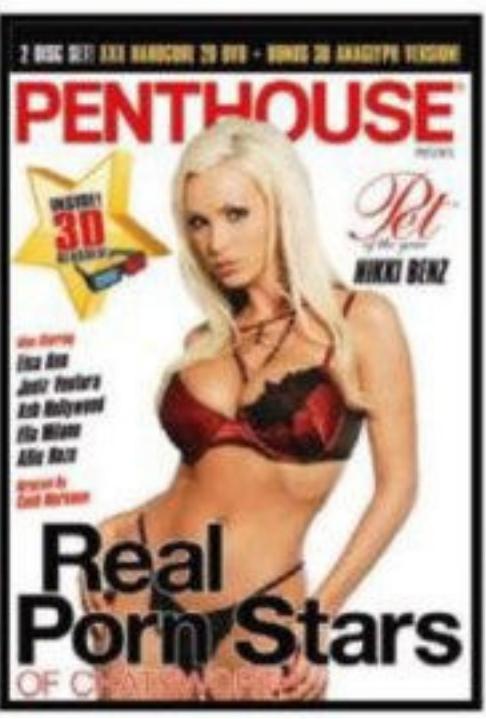
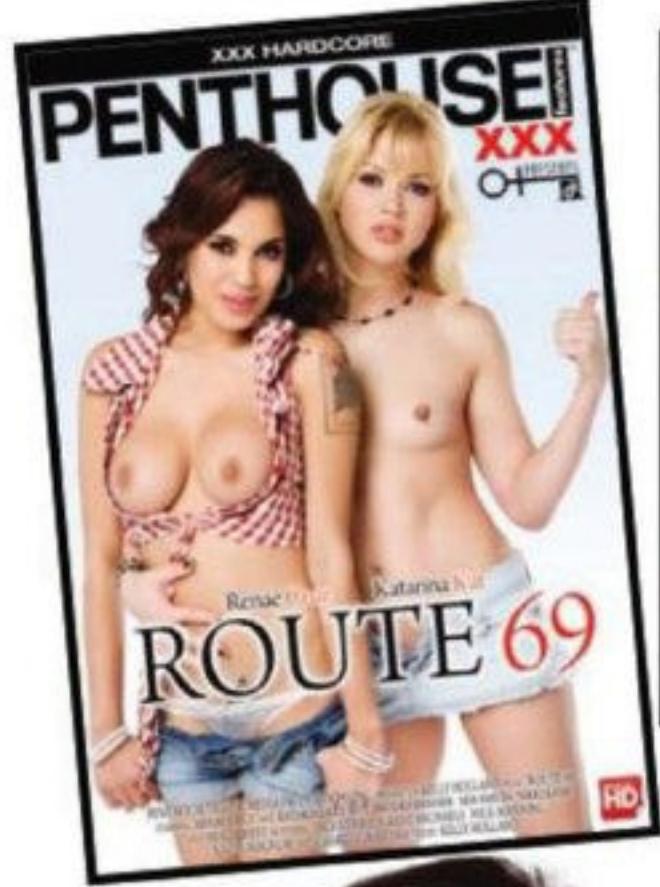
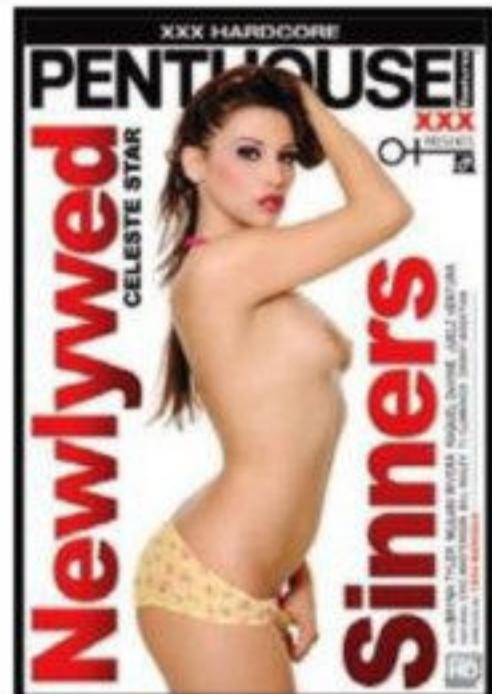
**Briana Blair** (1), a luscious blonde with a knockout body, gyrates and strips for her lucky guy until she's only in heels, stockings, and navel jewelry. Of course, Richie quickly gets in on the action. Who knew so many positions were possible on an armchair?

Finally, we get the sumptuous **Annie Cruz** (5). Her man rubs out all of her stress, inside and out. Her ample, juicy ass is well-featured and receives masterful ministrations from Dale Dabone's hands, until he locates the true source of her tension: a juicy brown pussy in need of some attention. Her constant and very vocal orgasms while being nailed are truly inspiring.

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**DATE NIGHT**

I'd been on four dates with Jason, and he still hadn't made a move. But I'd bought all these sexy bras before our first date, and I wanted to show them off, so I figured I'd just take matters into my own hands.

I offered to make him dinner at my place, hoping the intimate setting would inspire some lusty behavior. I made as close to a gourmet meal as possible in my small kitchen, and I even whipped up his favorite dessert: red velvet cake. Now we were halfway through a movie and still nothing.

I shifted slightly out of Jason's grasp to stretch, saying, "Mmm, it's kinda warm in here, don't you think?" Jason nodded, not really paying attention. "Do you mind if I get a little more comfortable?"

I peeled off my T-shirt, dropped it next to the couch, and curled back up against Jason. When his arm brushed my bare shoulder, he turned his head and checked out my blue lace bra before looking at me with a grin.

Now Jason had no problem getting handsy. He started off slow, massaging my shoulder with the hand that was resting there, then moved to my breast. I felt like a teenager getting groped for the first time, but Jason knew what he was doing.

As his hand eased into the cup of

my bra and pulled out my tit, he leaned toward me and captured my lips in a searing kiss. While we kissed, I moved closer to him and started pulling at his shirt to get it off him. Then he pushed me back onto the couch, unhooking my bra. As our chests crushed together, my hands moved down his back until they reached the waistband of his jeans, and I traced the skin there, tickling him, for several seconds. When he couldn't take the teasing anymore, he jumped up from on top of me and pulled off his pants. I quickly followed.

When we were down to only our underwear, we started kissing again, and then stripped out of that, too. A minute later we were back on the couch, Jason on top of me, letting our hands grope every inch of each other. Now that I'd cracked Jason's shell, he was really enjoying himself, and when his hand finally found its way to my pussy, I nearly went out of my mind. He knew how to work magic

with those thick digits. He shoved two fingers into my wet cunt and stroked my walls, making me moan. It felt incredible! And when his thumb started rubbing my clit—oh, my God!

Jason was still kissing me deeply as he finger-fucked me, and I was experiencing so many amazing sensations that I came more quickly than usual. It was clear Jason was really into giving me pleasure, but when he started to slip a third finger inside me, I begged him to fuck me properly instead.

He moved to get up and find a condom, but I told him not to worry. "I'm on the Pill," I assured him. "Just fuck me already."

Moments later, I felt his dick slide between my wet lips. I'd seen his cock when we stripped each other, and I'd felt it pressing against my thigh, but I didn't realize how thick it was until he started pushing into me. I felt my cunt stretch wide to accept him, and he filled me completely. Then he pulled back until he was almost out, making me whimper in protest. He grinned at me again, said if I wanted to get fucked, he was more than willing, and thrust hard and deep in one stroke.

Once Jason was banging me, he lost any shred of timidity he'd had left. He really went at it, pounding me frantically. I thought he would blow his load quickly, and I was glad he'd gotten me off already. But he surprised me. Just when I thought he was going to pop, he pulled out and played with my clit till I came again. Then he was ready to get back in there. This time, he fucked me even harder and kept his thumb on my button, amping up the sensations I was experiencing. Every thrust sent a million shock waves of pleasure through my body.

I arched my back and tried to ride up against him, making every sensation seem stronger, more intense. I felt another climax building inside me and I let go. My whole body writhed and shook, and I screamed out in ecstasy.

Finally, Jason came. I felt his cock throb between my lips, and then I felt his come shoot inside me. He continued thrusting, not stopping until he was completely spent, and then collapsed on top of me.

Now that I've helped Jason break out of his shell, I want more. And I have a feeling that he does, too. Which is a good thing, because I have a lot of sexy bras and panties that I can't wait to show him.—J.L., New York





## BIRTHDAY BONDAGE

When Caleb said that all he wanted for his birthday was me in bed with him all weekend, I was more than game. My sweet, sentimental boyfriend rarely asked for things like that, and I wasn't about to turn him down. What I wasn't expecting was for him to literally keep me in bed.

Caleb's birthday was on Saturday, and we went out for drinks with some friends on Friday night. We didn't get home until after one in the morning, but my boyfriend wanted to start his private celebration immediately. "It is my birthday, after all," he said. It wasn't like him to insist on anything, not even sex, so I figured I should give him what he wanted. His 30th birthday was reason enough for him to be a little demanding.

He practically dragged me into the bedroom when I agreed to "give him his present," and he didn't waste any time getting me out of my short dress. He didn't take off his clothes, though, and when I reached for his zipper, he stopped me. My underwear and bra were off and I was on my back on the bed a minute later. But Caleb didn't stop there. He pulled out a bunch of old ties and bound my wrists and ankles to the bedposts.

I was shocked by my boyfriend's sudden interest in kinky sex, but more than anything, I was aroused! I'd been begging him to get more adventurous, and here he was, surprising me with bondage games. I couldn't wait to see what he did next.

When I was all tied up, Caleb stood

over me and admired my body for a moment. He seemed to run his eyes over every inch of exposed skin, and I felt my pussy get wet as he stared at me. I'd never felt so naked before, and it was a huge turn-on. Finally Caleb started to undress, and I watched with rapt attention. He's got a very athletic body, and I've always liked looking at him. I like touching him, too, but that was impossible in the position he had me tied up in.

As soon as his clothes were off, he climbed on top of me, but all he did was kiss me gently. I'd expected such an elaborate setup to lead to something more, but he was taking it slow. After he kissed me, he trailed his lips down my body, traveling from my mouth to my jaw, down my neck, across my chest. He went further still, moving down my stomach, my thighs, and all the way to my toes, before going back up and stopping, at last, at my center. He kissed and licked my pussy, making me shiver, then dove in.

Caleb ate my pussy hungrily, practically devouring me. He just went to town, and there was nothing I could do to stop him—not that I wanted him to stop. It was a strange experience, though, having my boyfriend

between my thighs and being unable to guide him where I wanted him. I could still speak, of course, but aside from begging for more, I couldn't get any words out.

I wanted to touch Caleb, but I also liked having no control over the situation. It was new for me to hand over the reins in the bedroom, and it was a real turn-on to see Caleb in a position of power for a change.

He ate me to climax not once but twice, and I writhed against my bonds and squirmed under his mouth, unable to move as much as I wanted. It was such a strange feeling, but it added to my arousal, too. I loved it! It felt like I came for ten minutes straight before I finally caught my breath, and then Caleb moved up my body again. He trailed kisses all the way up to my mouth, retracing his original path, but this time, when he planted his lips on mine, he pushed his dick into me.

Being tied up and at Caleb's mercy made his cock feel like it filled me more than it ever had before, and I loved the sensation of being so stuffed. I tried to buck my hips against his as he thrust into me, but the bonds still kept me from moving. All I could do was lie back and let him pound into me—and it was amazing! Caleb fucked me in a way he never had before, with more force and passion.

I writhed beneath him, moving as much as my bonds would allow, and it felt like I was going to explode into a million pieces. Caleb pumped harder and harder, getting me closer and closer to the edge, until I finally came. My body went completely still as my orgasm passed through me, and I moaned loudly as I let the pleasure wash over me.

Caleb climaxed a moment later, and I felt him tense up and shake as he came, spilling his seed deep inside my pussy. The experience was so powerful that I felt a smaller orgasm rocket through me. Wow!

When we had calmed down, Caleb moved off me and untied my hands and feet. We were both exhausted, and soon we were fast asleep, curled up together. But the next morning, the ties were back in place, and I was at Caleb's mercy once more. Not that I minded. I was still completely blown away by my quiet boyfriend's sudden interest in bondage, and I happily submitted to his every whim—until midnight. Once his birthday was over, I took charge again, as I had some new games I wanted to play. But that's another story.—E.V., Ohio

**I'd been begging my boyfriend to get more adventurous, and here he was, surprising me with bondage games.**

## ■ ON THE ROAD

We pulled into the motel parking lot around three in the morning, after driving for nearly 12 hours. We'd stopped along the way, but never for more than 15 minutes—just long enough to grab some food or stretch our legs or switch drivers. I felt like I'd walked to Texas from California.

When we got to our room, I'd barely set my bag down when Steve grabbed me by the waist and spun me around, planting his lips on mine for a deep kiss. I suddenly found myself wide-awake and ready for action. I hadn't expected anything to happen on our trip—Steve and I weren't a couple, or fuck buddies, or anything like that—but I wasn't going to turn him down.

My girlfriends had all been jealous that he'd asked me to drive cross-country with him. They'd been jealous the year before, too, when we'd gone on vacation together. But nothing had happened in the first decade of our friendship, so I figured nothing was going to happen now. Apparently I was wrong.

As we kissed, his hands made their way to the hem of my T-shirt, and he pulled it off. I unbuttoned his shirt, my fingers racing to get to his bare chest. When I finally felt his firm muscles under my fingers, I realized for the first time why all my girlfriends had such a thing for him.

I let my hands wander down to the waistband of his shorts, fumbled with the button for a minute, then pulled down the zipper and pushed down his shorts. Steve stepped out of them and kicked them aside, then worked his way into my shorts. He worked more quickly than I did, and soon we were both in only our underwear.

Steve's hands gripped my ass cheeks and he lifted me up, then dropped me onto the bed. Our underwear was off and flung across the room moments later, and I found myself straddling Steve's hips as I kissed every inch of his chest. He really was gorgeous, and I wondered how I'd gone so long without feeling the urge to jump him.

I moved down Steve's muscular body and took his cock into my mouth. I had to really work to take him in all the way. I sucked him greedily, learning every vein of his shaft and savoring the salty taste of his pre-come. When I finally deep-throated him, he groaned loudly, and I felt his hands tangle in my hair. I sucked him even harder, until he



started thrusting up into my mouth, and then I pulled back. Steve looked frantic, until I moved up and straddled his hips, my hot center resting over his thick, wet dick.

As soon as Steve realized what I was up to, he grabbed my hips and rubbed his cock against me. I rose up the tiniest bit, then sank back down, this time taking Steve's dick deep inside my cunt.

The moment I took him in, I moaned with pleasure. I rode his cock slowly at first before picking up the pace, my pussy muscles clenching and releasing his shaft. Each stroke caused his cock to rub against me in just the right way, and made me shudder with delight.

It took a few minutes to figure out what worked best, but once we warmed up, Steve grabbed my hips. He guided my movements, making me go faster, then held me still so he could thrust up into me.

At one point I leaned over and kissed him passionately, and he took the opportunity to grab my ass and grind his hips against me, bringing completely new sensations into the mix. After that, it only took a few more minutes before I felt the tingle that signaled my oncoming orgasm.

I came like crazy, writhing on top of Steve's body until I'd wrung out every last bit of my climax. I was already starting to cool down when Steve, still thrusting into me from below, tensed and came, his cock throbbing wildly within my pussy walls. It was the best feeling, knowing I was the cause of his

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explosion, and I grabbed his shoulders and ground against him, wanting to draw out those sensations as long as I could.

We went to sleep almost as soon as we were done, and the next morning we were on the road before sunrise, our sudden sexual attraction not altering our plans in the least. But the next night, we requested a room with a king-size bed.—A.P., Pennsylvania

### ■ THREE EASY PIECES

When my girlfriend asked for a threesome with another guy, I wasn't really keen on the idea. I sure as hell didn't want to do anything with another dude. But Laura assured me that this wouldn't be an issue, and I had always wanted to watch her get fucked, so I agreed. She invited this guy from her old job to join us at her place for dinner, and lured him into bed. Truthfully, John was easy. It took no more than a few flirtatious comments from Laura to get him into the idea.

The three of us went straight to the bedroom after dinner, and Laura did a sexy striptease while John and I watched. Then she went over to John and gave him a long, sloppy kiss. I kept my eyes on them as they made out, and I saw John's hands move around to grope Laura's ass.

My girlfriend loves when I grab and fondle her ass, so I figured she was really enjoying herself. He kept playing with her ass even after she broke their kiss and told me to undress. She turned back to John and kissed him, and when I was naked, I moved behind my girlfriend and reached around to squeeze her tits while she got John undressed. Then she really started to have fun.

Laura guided us to the bed. We ended up about two feet from each other, and then my girlfriend climbed onto the bed between us. She knelt there for a moment, then turned so she was angled with her head near John's crotch and her ass and pussy by my face. Laura immediately took his cock in her mouth and shook her ass at me, so I moved my head closer so I could eat her out.

I spread my girlfriend's ass cheeks and dove in, chowing down on her naughty bits like a starving man. I love eating pussy as much as she loves sucking cock, and while she went to town on John's dick, I reveled in the taste of her sweet, tangy pussy. Laura moaned when I thrust my tongue into her, and I heard John grunt a moment

later as she groaned on his dick.

I wanted to make her climax before we took things any further. I sped up my licking and sucking, and added my fingers. It didn't take much after that. In another minute or so, Laura gasped loudly, dropping John's cock from her lips in the process. She came hard and ground against my face.

Now that John and I were both hard and Laura was positively dripping wet, it was time to move on to the main event. Laura sucked my cock for a minute to get me wet. Next, she climbed on top of John and slid down until his cock was fully embedded in her pussy. When she was settled, I moved behind her and slowly pushed my dick into her asshole. It was a little strange to be thrusting into my girlfriend's ass while kneeling between John's legs, but it was also kind of hot. We'd had fake threesomes before, using one of her dildos as a stand-in for a second cock, but that didn't compare to the real thing. Laura's ass was even tighter than usual with another cock stuffing her, and the added pressure really added to my enjoyment.

I started to pick up the pace first, but John caught on quick and thrust harder into Laura from below. For her part, Laura began grinding on us both, her hips moving back and forth as she tried to get both me and John off at the same time. We were a writhing, fucking mess, but we were all getting closer to our orgasms, and we kept going as hard as we could.

The three of us were fucking and grinding and thrusting wildly, and I knew it wouldn't be long before someone came. John was first, and he stopped moving for a second, right before he exploded. I felt him shoot into Laura's cunt, the throbbing of his dick easy to feel against my cock in her ass. That seemed to set off Laura's climax, and John had barely finished coming before she was crying out in ecstasy, her cream gushing out around John's dick.

I held out the longest. I kept fucking Laura through John's climax and then her own, and she was on her way down from the orgasmic high



when I finally shot off. I filled her ass with everything I had, and when I was done, I pulled out and watched my come dribble out of her.

We all rested for a while, and then John took a shower and left. All in all, I'd say it was a pretty successful first threesome. And we definitely plan to do it again. John's on board for a second round, so it should happen soon.—M.K., Mississippi

### ■ NAUGHTY GIRL

My fiancée, Allison, likes to do things she thinks are "bad" because she likes to be punished. She'll stay out late with her girlfriends or "forget" to pick up my dry cleaning when she drops hers off, then ask me if I'm going to punish her and teach her a lesson.

Allison's favorite punishment is a spanking. If she hasn't been spanked in a while, she'll crawl into my lap and list anything and everything she's done wrong. She did that last Friday night, when I got in from work. I'd been out of town for two weeks, and then I'd been busy catching up at the office, so she hadn't been spanked in at least three weeks. We'd had sex a few times since I came home, but there'd been no spankings.

As Allison sat on my lap in her skimpiest lingerie, she went over all her offenses. "While you were away, I didn't do any dishes. I didn't run the dishwasher until you came home, actually," she started. "I didn't return any of your library books like you asked, so you'll have to pay the late fees. And I had dinner in bed twice, but I sat on your side, so you got all the crumbs." She was really reaching for a punishable offense, so I knew she

**The three of us went to the bedroom after dinner, and Laura did a sexy striptease while John and I watched.**

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desperately wanted that spanking.

"It sounds like you've been a very bad girl," I told her, and she nodded enthusiastically before remembering that she was supposed to look repentant. "I guess you need to be punished, then."

Allison practically squealed with delight when I said that, and she quickly repositioned herself so she was lying across my lap, her ass in the air. I laughed at how eager she was.

Once she was settled in place, I lightly smacked her ass, her firm cheeks jiggling gently after each whack. She moaned quietly and wiggled in my lap, excited, and I spanked her a little harder. She was getting more and more aroused as I smacked her ass, and I felt a wet spot forming on my thigh, right beneath her juicy cunt. She wasn't the only one who was turned on, though. My dick was already rock-hard in my pants.

I smacked Allison's ass a few more times, then pulled her panties down so I could spank her bare skin. I hit her even harder now, and her butt started getting pink and warm. The sight of her flushed ass was a major turn-on, and that, combined with her ecstatic moans each time my palm connected with her sweet spot, had me almost ready to blow my load.

I ran my hand along her slit. Her pussy was dripping with juice, and I thrust two fingers inside her. As I pumped my fingers in and out, her pussy convulsed, gripping them with every thrust.

A minute later I pulled my fingers out of her, rubbed her juices all over her ass, and gave each cheek a few more quick, sharp slaps. She was writhing in ecstasy with each smack, till I finally nudged her up from my lap.

As soon as Allison stood up, I unzipped my pants, pulled my dick out of my boxers, and told my fiancée to show me how sorry she was. Allison pushed her panties the rest of the way down and stepped out of them. Then she straddled my lap, grabbed my dick, and guided it into her cunt.

She slid down onto me, and as her pussy enveloped my shaft, my cock throbbed wildly in excitement. She stroked up and down and her soft, wet walls squeezed my dick as she moved. It felt amazing! My cock was already pulsing and my balls were tight.

Allison kept riding me, using her pussy muscles to massage my cock, and before long I was ready to come. I thrust up into her, matching her stroke for stroke. She rode me harder then, and I felt my balls pull up and my dick felt diamond-hard. A second later, I shot off into Allison's cunt, filling her as we continued to thrust against each other. She came a moment later, her spasming pussy forcing our combined juices to run down my cock.

When we were done, Allison climbed off my lap and headed for the bedroom while I went to take a shower. While I was in there, she came into the bathroom and flushed the toilet, making my shower get super-hot for a moment, then giggled and ran back to the bedroom. She wanted another spanking—and she was going to get it when I was done!—T.D., Alaska

**I pulled my fingers out of her, rubbed her juices over her ass, and gave each cheek a few more quick, sharp slaps.**

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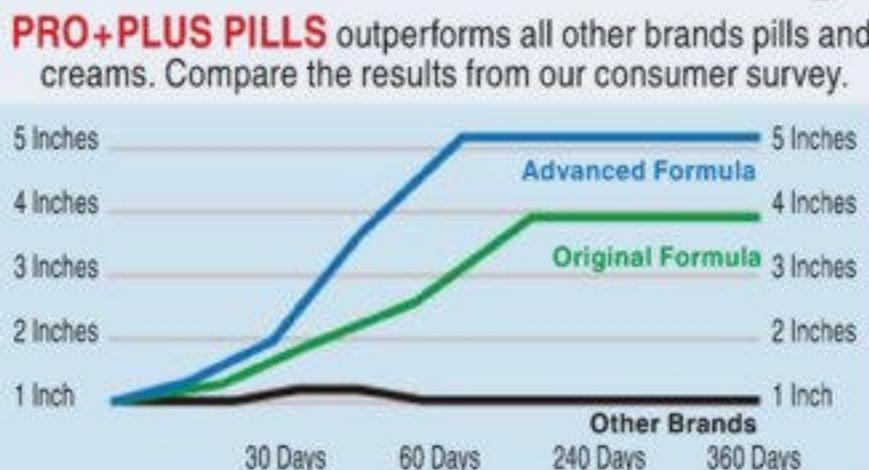
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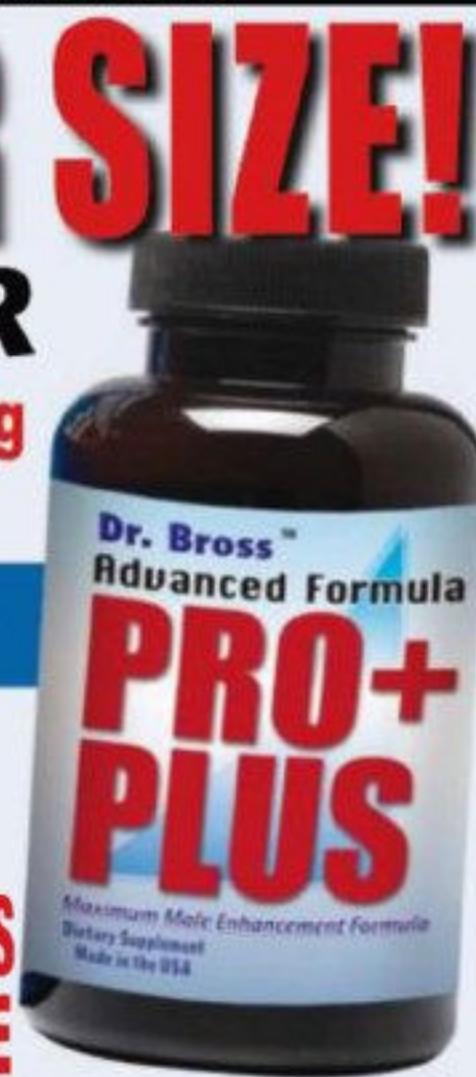
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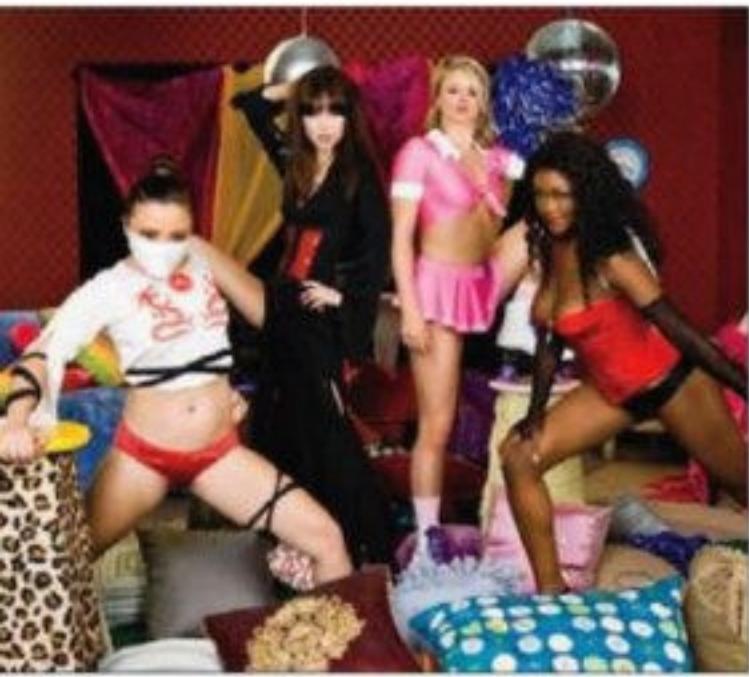
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# Four Freaky Assassins

For the past few months, the creative team that produces these very pages has been enjoying the blaxploitation-style X-rated antics of Jericho Brown on Penthouse.com. Jericho (Jack Napier) battled and bedded a number of assassins—played by Jenna Brooks, Kita Zen, Heather Starlet, and Zoe Voss—in “Funky Fly Female Tail,” “Spooky Ass Zombie Ho,” and “Ninja Titties.” In the end, he—and we—couldn’t help asking, “What would it be like to see all four of those fine-ass funky fly freaks getting it on at the same time?”

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